



# The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

MARCH 1985 £1.30

## **THE COSTLY QUIRKS OF QUARK HUNTING**

Europe's leading role in high-energy physics is analysed by Norman Moss

## **ANATOMY OF A SUBURB**

Michael Watkins describes life in the retreat of Southgate

## **HOW MAD ARE HARES IN MARCH?**

A report by Anthony Masters on the myth and the reality

## **REVOLUTION IN THE CITY**

David Phillips reports on the breakdown of traditional demarcation lines that has aggravated the turmoil in the financial world

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# The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

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THE ILLUSTRATED  
LONDON NEWS

Taking stock of changes in the City.

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The Mall, N14—suburban style.



BP—working with energy.

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## PROPERTY

# Top of the market

by Ursula Robertshaw

Time was when a £1 million house was something to widen the eyes, a rarity to be gawped at by the generality. Not any more. The decline in the real value of money has made the sale of houses at or over this sum, if not a daily event, no longer newsworthy enough to grab the headlines. And such sales embrace both period houses and the newly built.

A new development of houses around the £1 million mark is in Elm Tree Road, just behind Lord's cricket ground in St John's Wood. Here are 10 houses, each different—one is an original period house completely rebuilt, which is already sold, with its neighbour, to the same buyer. The show house, Number 8a, is for sale at just over £1 million, fully furnished and fitted by Domus. It has a huge living room divided by the projecting marble fireplace to give a small snugger, suitable, I was told, for chess players or, I suppose, for those working out complicated sums on their computer; the 22 foot by 14 foot dining room communicates with the fine fitted kitchen, spacious enough to serve as a breakfast room; there are four rooms at present designated as bedrooms, each with its own bathroom—the master bedroom's bathroom is a real feature, with its circular whirlpool bath, and octagonal sentry-box shower, all decorated with taupe and pink tiles. Then there is a room fitted out as an exercise room or gymnasium, and another, complete with *trompe l'oeil* murals and a balcony extension, which has been called a games room but which would be superb for receptions. Add to this such extras as a beautiful hall, full of light and interesting angles, garden and kitchen garden to either side of the house, garage and boiler room, walk-in dressing room for the master bedroom

and a lovely wooden staircase, and you have a house that deserves to be top of the market.

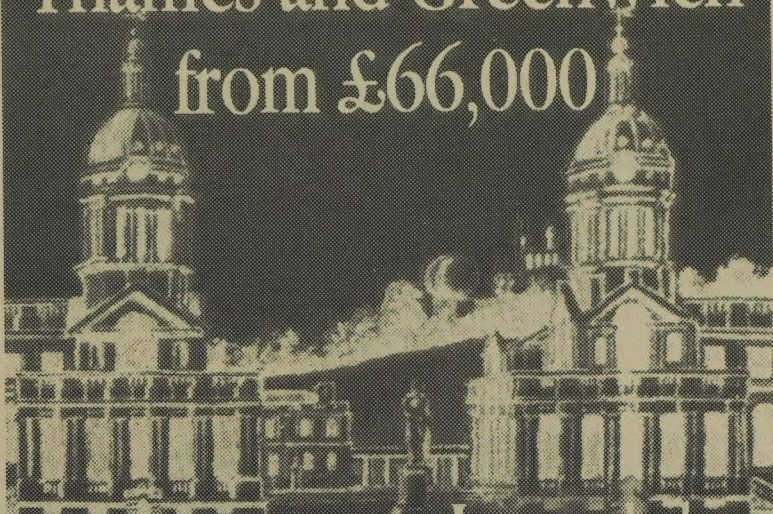
The houses on this development do not wear their art on their sleeve. From the outside they have a grave simplicity, their dark brick broken by balconies or the strong vertical lines of the fenestration. Their main feature is the wonderful use of space and light inside, and the way rooms lead off from one another, tempting the visitor to explore. My favourite was 6a, still in builder's finish. It has a wide, generous staircase which begs for wall-hangings and pictures, and a magnificent suite of rooms comprising a reception hall—in addition to the entrance hall—leading to the main living room which is at a lower level than the dining room; above is a balcony extending up to the first floor, where the room so formed has been designated as a library or study. There are four bedrooms with bathrooms, a sunroom and balcony terraces. This house, offered at just below £1 million, has the best garden in the development and fully self-contained accommodation for staff. The architects of the development, Igal Yawetz, are to be congratulated. Inquiries to Hampton & Sons at 6 Arlington Street, St James's, SW1 or 21 Heath Street, Hampstead, NW3 (01-493 8222 or 01-794 8222).

For £1.3 million Knight Frank & Rutley (01-730 8771) offer a complete contrast in York Terrace West, Regent's Park: a duplex apartment in a Nash terrace with views over the park and use of private gardens. The main flat has three bedrooms and has been remodelled by Jon Bannenberg, very much in the fashionable Italian style. The self-contained guest apartment has two bedrooms, together with its own reception rooms and kitchen. The whole is offered leasehold with about 82 years to run ●



One of the development of 10 individual houses at Elm Tree Road, St John's Wood.

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
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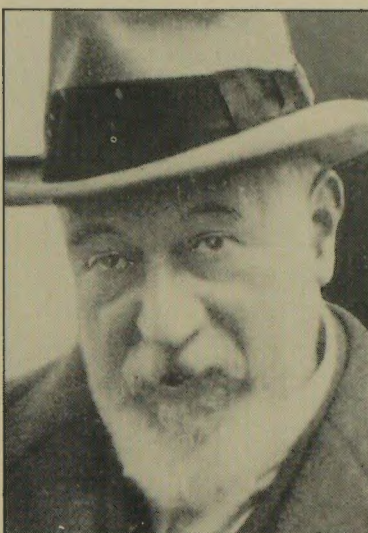
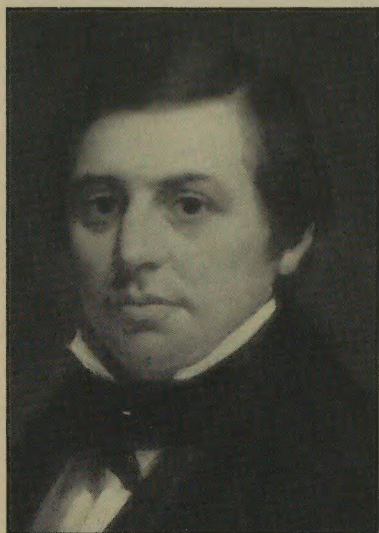
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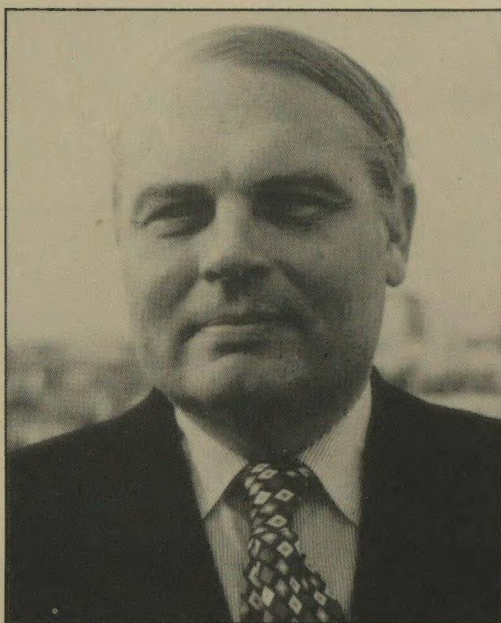
*No wonder it's special.*

## On the move



It is not often that we find ourselves making news instead of recording or reflecting on it, but the fact that we have a new owner has aroused some interest and perhaps provides a legitimate opportunity for a short contemplation of our navel. Since its foundation in 1842 *The Illustrated London News* has had only three effective proprietorships. From 1842 until shortly before the last war the publication was owned by members of the Ingram family, descendants of Herbert Ingram, the founder, and it was his grandson, Sir Bruce Ingram, who was editor for 63 years, who sold a controlling interest to Sir John Ellerman, of the shipping line, a virtual recluse so far as the *ILN* was concerned, for he visited the office only once and met Bruce Ingram (who remained editor until 1963) only twice—and the second time by accident at a theatre. In 1961 Ellerman sold his shares and the *ILN* to Mr Roy Thomson (later Lord Thomson of Fleet), together with the rest of what was then Illustrated Newspapers Ltd, including *The Tatler*, *The Sphere*, *Drapers' Record*, *Men's Wear*, the book publishers Michael Joseph, and a printing works.

The *ILN* remained part of the Thomson Organisation until February this year, when it was sold to Mr James Sherwood, president of Sea Containers Ltd, a company he founded in 1965, which went public in 1968, and which is now one of the world's largest lessors of containers and container ships. The company also owns Sealink British Ferries, a group of luxurious international hotels, including the Cipriani in Venice, and the revived Orient Express train. Regular readers may recall that we published a profile of Mr Sherwood in our June, 1984, issue, not with prescience, because the Thomson Organisation did not decide to consider selling the *ILN* until much later last year. It did so then not because it had ceased to have any regard for the magazine, nor because the *ILN* was unprofitable, but because we did not



**Past and present.** Top row from left, Herbert Ingram, founder of *ILN*, who died in 1860. Sir Bruce Ingram, grandson, who edited the paper from 1900 until 1963. Sir John Ellerman, the shipping magnate, who became principal shareholder before the war, and Roy Thomson who bought the *ILN* from him in 1961. Above, James Sherwood, president of Sea Containers Ltd, the new owner of the *ILN*.

fit comfortably into the organization's long-term strategy of concentrating on trade and technical and specialist publications. The *ILN* is neither trade, nor technical, nor specialist, and would thus have been far down the queue for investment finance. Yet investment is what we need if we are to grow and to continue to satisfy our present readers and attract new ones—and a publication that does not develop in this way will surely die.

Our new owners have assured us that such investment will be forthcoming. We shall use it

wisely, we hope, to produce a bigger and better publication by building on our own unique traditions. When the *ILN* began publication it was the world's first weekly picture newspaper, and its reputation was founded on illustrating the events of the day. We plan to increase our present picture coverage, with much greater use of colour, and to revive the tradition of photo-reportage that has sadly declined in this country because of the lack of outlets. Features will be strengthened, and we shall add a more discriminating dimension to the entertainment and leisure guides within our Briefing section.

These and other changes will be made during the coming months. We have always been ambitious. In the first issue, published on May 14, 1842, Herbert Ingram introduced the *ILN* to the British public by declaring that "we do not produce this illustrated newspaper without some vanity, much ambition, and a fond belief that we shall be pardoned the presumption of the first quality by realizing the aspirations of the last". Perhaps he was wise to concentrate on pictures, though he lived in an age when people had more time and inclination to unravel convoluted prose. Certainly he fulfilled a need. Before starting the *ILN* he worked as a news-agent, and found that his customers invariably asked for a paper containing illustrations as well as the news from London. No one paper met those demands, though there were at that time 400 other newspapers in the country and 80 in London itself, so Ingram started one. We are proud of this inheritance, and ambitious for its future.

### Sir Arthur Bryant

Our distinguished contributor, who wrote *Our Notebook* for nearly 49 years, died on January 22 (see pages 18-19).

Memorial services will be held in Salisbury Cathedral on March 2 at 3pm, and in Westminster Abbey on March 15 at 12 noon.

**Monday, January 14**

The Bank of England imposed a minimum lending rate, for the first time since 1981, of 12 per cent in an attempt to support the weak £. Industry's costs rose by 2.9 per cent in December.

The National Coal Board claimed another 1,350 miners had abandoned the strike, bringing the total of those at work to 73,000 or 38 per cent of the labour force.

Britain's first surrogate baby, Baby Cotton, was handed over to her natural father and his wife by the High Court, which had banned publicity which might lead to the revelation of the identity of the couple or the child. All three had left Britain, but the child remained a Ward of Court.

392 people were killed and 370 injured when a train plunged into a ravine in eastern Ethiopia.

**Tuesday, January 15**

Area leaders of the 3,100 South Derbyshire pitmen decided unanimously to follow the example of the Nottinghamshire miners and introduce rule changes to give their area more autonomy and reduce the control of the NUM.

Robert Maxwell's Pergamon Press sold its 15.76 per cent holdings in Fleet Holdings, the *Daily Express* and *Sunday Express* group, to United Newspapers for £30.6 million.

Bushfires in the Australian state of Victoria caused five deaths and injured 170 people. Damage was estimated at Aus \$20 million, with more than 150 homes lost, 272,000 acres destroyed and 20,000 livestock killed.

Tancredo de Neves, 74, won a landslide victory in Brazil's presidential election and became first civilian president since the military *coup* in 1964.

**Wednesday, January 16**

The Sultan of Brunei bought the Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane, London, for more than £43 million from Regent International. The hotel had changed hands four times since 1976.

Katharine Pleydell-Bouverie, the artist-potter, died aged 89.

**Thursday, January 17**

Two unarmed soldiers and a retired army officer were shot dead in a £19,000 payroll robbery in the Pentland Hills south of Edinburgh. An army corporal was later charged with the murders.

16 left-wing Labour MPs caused the suspension of the House of Commons for 20 minutes with a prolonged demonstration over the miners' strike and demands for a debate in government time on the subject. The Labour leader Neil Kinnock roundly condemned their behaviour.

An official strike in the Midlands area by members of the National Union of Railmen and the drivers' union Aslef brought widespread disruption. British Rail was planning to sue the two unions for damages estimated at £100,000 as the strike was called without a ballot. The dispute was over alleged harassment of workers who refused to handle coal.

**Friday, January 18**

Britain's inflation rate dropped to 4.6 per cent in December, compared with 4.9 per cent in November, 1984.

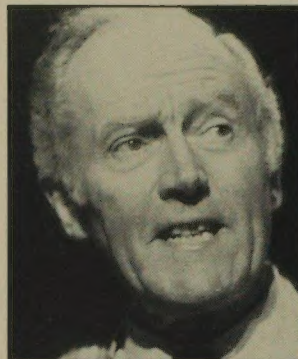
Nine government officials were arrested in India on charges of espionage. A further 15 arrests followed, including government aides and top businessmen.

England won the third Test against India in Madras by nine wickets.

Lord Wolfenden, chairman of the Departmental Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution, whose recommendations began the movement towards homosexual equality, died aged 78.

**Sunday, January 20**

Ronald Reagan was inaugurated for



Top, President Mitterrand with Jean-Marie Tjibaou, leader of the rebel "provisional government", in New Caledonia; Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine with a soldier at Molesworth base, Cambridgeshire, after the eviction of anti-nuclear protesters. Above left, James Cameron, who died on January 26. Above centre, Captain Grzegorz Piotrowski, one of four Polish state police sentenced for the murder of Father Jerzy Popieluszko. Above right, David Basnett, retiring from union leadership.

his second term as President of the United States.

At least 33 people, mostly soldiers, were killed when Tamil separatist guerrillas blew up a train in Sri Lanka.

The Israeli army began the first stage of a planned three-stage withdrawal of forces from Lebanon. On January 21 an explosion at the house of anti-Israeli leader Mustafa Saad killed several people and injured the Saad.

Lord Balogh, the economist, died aged 79.

**Monday, January 21**

Austin Rover sued eight trade unions for up to £1.6 million damages over a 15-day pay strike imposed without a ballot in November, 1984, which led to lost production worth £150 million at showroom prices.

65 passengers and crew died and three people, including the pilot, survived when a chartered Lockheed Electro turboprop airliner of Galaxy Airlines crashed shortly after take-off from Reno, Nevada.

**Tuesday, January 22**

The Government proposed cuts in public expenditure in 1986-87 to be followed by two years of restraint. Steep increases in prescription charges, from £1.60 to about £2 in April were among economies planned, and further privatization would raise £2.5 billion in 1985-86.

There were reports of cholera in several refugee camps in Ethiopia.

Sir Arthur Bryant, the writer and historian, died aged 85.

**Wednesday, January 23**

The proceedings of the House of Lords were televised for the first time.

Sir Emile Littler, the theatrical impresario, died aged 81.

**Thursday, January 24**

Britain was awarded £226.23 million from the EEC's regional aid fund to create or preserve 13,700 jobs in 647 different projects.

Former SS Major Walter Reder, sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder by his battalion of 1,830 Italian civilians during the Second World War, was repatriated to Austria. He was said to be seriously ill.

The space shuttle Discovery blasted off from Cape Canaveral on a three-day secret military mission said to

involve the launch of a spy satellite.

Dockers at Southampton accepted pay cuts, lower manning levels and a virtual no-strike deal after a three-month strike which had threatened to close the port's container terminal.

**Friday, January 25**

The French government extended by six months the state of emergency imposed in New Caledonia as a prelude to a referendum on the island's self-determination. Separatists and white settlers had been in conflict there for several weeks.

The United Nations Secretary General, Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, arrived in Bangkok at the start of a south-east Asian tour designed to find a resolution of the Kampuchean conflict. Vietnamese artillery killed 14 Cambodian civilians and wounded 30 in an attack the day he arrived.

**Saturday, January 26**

The Pope arrived in Venezuela at the start of a 12-day tour of Latin America.

Lord Harlech, a former British Ambassador to the United States and chairman of Harlech Television, died after a car crash. He was 66.

James Cameron, the journalist and broadcaster, died aged 73.

**Monday, January 28**

British banks raised their lending rates from 12 per cent to 14 per cent—the third rise since January 11.

Closure of the Cammell Laird shipyard on Merseyside was averted by the order of a £140 million Type 22 frigate for the Royal Navy. Another was ordered from the Swan Hunter yard on Tyneside.

**Tuesday, January 29**

Talks between the National Coal Board and the National Union of Mineworkers to agree an agenda for negotiations to end the 46-week-old strike foundered on the NUM's refusal to give a written guarantee that closure of uneconomic pits would be on the programme of discussions.

Oxford University dons voted by 738 votes to 319 against awarding an honorary degree to the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, a former student at the University, because of the government's cuts in education spending.

The cost of the Trident nuclear

deterrent jumped by £1,400 billion to £10,700 billion since June, 1984, due to the falling £ against the \$.

Three people were charged with the murder of a Detective Constable on January 27 while he was investigating a house in Kent in connexion with the £26 million Brinks Mat bullion robbery at Heathrow in November, 1983. Gold worth about £250,000 was found in searches near the house and elsewhere, a series of raids on houses in other parts of the country followed and more than a dozen arrests were made.

**Wednesday, January 30**

At a meeting in Geneva heads of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries agreed by a majority decision on a new pricing system which would slightly lower its official oil price and narrow price differentials. Libya, Nigeria and Iran were to stick to the previous pricing system.

The national executive of the Labour Party elected Larry Whitty, 41, as the Party's new general secretary.

The Receiver appointed to take charge of the National Union of Mineworkers' funds reported he had recovered nearly £5 million of the £8 million assets and that he had paid the £200,000 fine imposed on the union for contempt of court.

Jeane Kirkpatrick, the US representative at the United Nations for the past four years, announced her resignation. She was to return to teaching and writing.

70 Conservative MPs voted against the development of Stansted as London's third airport; a vote of 247 to nil was recorded as Tory rebels and the Opposition voted together.

**Thursday, January 31**

Britain's unemployment figures rose to a new high of 3,340,958, 13.9 per cent of the workforce.

British Rail announced plans to cut its Glasgow workforce by at least 700 over the next two years.

The South African President P. W. Botha stated that his government was prepared to release Nelson Mandela, the jailed leader of the banned African National Congress, if he would renounce violence in pursuit of political objectives. On February 10 Mr Mandela rejected the offer, stating he could

give no undertakings while he and his people were not free.

**Friday, February 1**

Ernst Zimmermann, 55, president of the West German Aerospace and Arms Industry Association, was shot dead in Munich by terrorists of the Red Army Faction.

**Sunday, February 3**

The National Coal Board announced the closure of the Frances Colliery in Fife, with the loss of 500 miners' jobs, as a result of a two-week old fire. The main face of the Seefield Colliery adjoining was also abandoned because of fire, with the loss of 300 jobs and £4.7 million in investment. In South Wales 10 coal faces, representing 15 per cent of the area's output, were said to be lost as a result of the strike.

**Monday, February 4**

At midnight Spain opened the frontier with Gibraltar, ending a blockade of nearly 16 years.

President Reagan submitted a £817 billion budget to Congress for the fiscal year 1986. It included a wide range of cuts in domestic programmes and a massive increase in defence spending.

**Tuesday, February 5**

Following five months of negotiation by the Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy Terry Waite, the four Britons held for eight months in detention in Libya were released into his custody.

In a midnight security operation troops took over the disused RAF station at Molesworth, Cambridgeshire, to reclaim it from about 200 anti-nuclear protesters. The base was scheduled to become operational as a cruise missile station within three years.

David Basnett, 61, announced his early retirement as general secretary of the General, Municipal, Boilermakers and Allied Trades union.

The United States cancelled an ANZUS naval exercise in the Pacific with Australia and New Zealand as a protest at the New Zealand government's denial of port facilities to atomic warships and the Australian government's refusal to grant refuelling and other facilities to US aircraft monitoring the test firings of missiles.

England drew the fifth Test match in Kanpur to take the series 2-1.

**Wednesday, February 6**

James Hadley Chase, the thriller writer, died aged 78.

**Thursday, February 7**

Four Polish state policemen were given jail sentences ranging from 14 years to 25 years for the murder of the pro-Solidarity priest Father Jerzy Popieluszko in October, 1984.

The National Theatre's director, Sir Peter Hall, announced that the Cottesloe theatre would be closed, that one in seven of the complex's 700-strong work-force would be made redundant, and that he would have to consider moving out of the South Bank building, which costs between £2 million and £2.5 to run, because of the limiting of the increase in the company's Arts Council grant to less than 2 per cent in 1985.

Admiral Sir John Fieldhouse, 57, was appointed Chief of the Defence Staff as from November.

**Friday, February 8**

Ethiopian famine refugees from Wollo and Tigré were reported to have been forcibly resettled in the lowlands in the west of the country, in many cases being separated from their families.

**Sunday, February 9**

Vernon Walters, 68, was appointed US Ambassador to the United Nations. He had served five US presidents as special envoy.

A black standard poodle, Montravia Tommy-Gun, owned by Miss Marita Gibbs of Frensham, Surrey, became Supreme Champion at Crufts.

## WINDOW ON THE WORLD

**Open road to Gibraltar:** Spain ended a 16-year blockade of the British colony after years of negotiations by opening the border gates at midnight on February 4 to cheering crowds on both sides. It was a preliminary to talks in Geneva between Spain and Britain to resolve differences over the future of Gibraltar.



View from the Rock showing the road crossing the airport runway to the border with La Linea, Spain, where, top right, a Spanish and a British policeman meet.

MARCH 85



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**Missile recovered:** The remains of a Soviet target missile were recovered from the bottom of frozen Lake Inari in northern Finland where it had crashed after straying off course over Norway and Finland.



REX FEATURES

**Home at last:** After more than eight months' detention in Libya, and after five months' negotiation by the Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy Terry Waite, second from right, Michael Berdinner, Malcolm Anderson, Robin Plummer and Alan Russell arrived back in Britain and were reunited with their families.



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**Israeli withdrawal:** A convoy travels south of Sidon as the Israeli army dismantles positions north of the town as part of the evacuation of a 193-square mile area of south Lebanon. Heavy equipment was shipped back to Israel and remaining installations were blown up. The pull-back caused increased guerrilla activity.



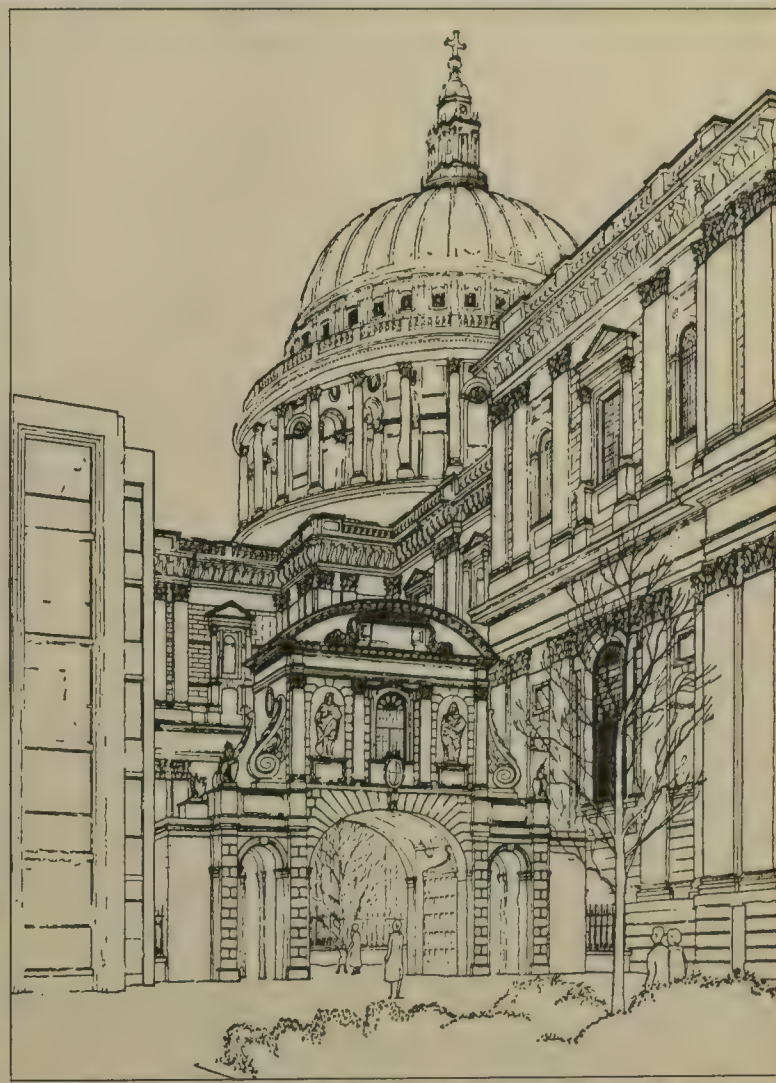
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**Episcopal enthronement:** Nobel Peace prize-winner Desmond Tutu, installed as Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, he declared he would advocate sanctions if the South African government did not dismantle apartheid within two years.



REX FEATURES

**White House ceremony:** Ronald Reagan was sworn in for a second term as US President by Chief Justice Warren Burger. Mrs Reagan held the Bible.



**Temple Bar to come back:** Built as a gateway to the City at the junction of the Strand and Fleet Street, top, and exiled for more than 100 years, Temple Bar is to return to London. It will be re-erected in St Paul's churchyard, above right, thanks to the efforts of Temple Bar Trust, founded in 1976. The monument, designed by Wren, was built in 1670 and taken down in 1879 when Fleet Street was widened. Sir Henry Meux rebuilt it on his estate in Hertfordshire, above left.



**Cinema under threat:** A fine example of 1930s cinema architecture may face demolition. The Coronet (formerly the Odeon) in Northfields, Ealing, opened in 1932, is a listed building: its design is by Cecil Masey, and Theodore Komisarjevsky, the renowned Russian theatrical producer, created its Moorish-style interior. It has now been suddenly closed, several weeks before the expiration of its lease. Conservationists fear that the developers, Guildford Properties, the purchasers of the site, may demolish the building to give street access to a supermarket they plan to erect on the land behind it, even though planning permission was given only on condition that the cinema was refurbished and kept open.



**A treasure for the Trust:** One of Britain's rarest architectural treasures, Ightham Mote near Sevenoaks in Kent, has been given to the National Trust by its owner, Charles Henry Robinson, an American businessman now in his 90s of Portland, Maine. An anonymous gift of the 500 acre Mote Farm which surrounds the property was made some years ago, and this was followed by a generous endowment of over £1 million for maintenance in perpetuity, promised by the Colyer-Fergusson Charitable Trust—the

Colyer-Fergusson family owned the house for some 60 years until 1950. The American connexion is underlined by a substantial donation raised by the Californian branch of the Royal Oak Foundation.

Ightham Mote, described by Pevsner as "the most complete small medieval house in the country", lies cupped in a woodland setting that is truly idyllic; one attractive story tells how Commonwealth soldiers, bent on destroying the house, got lost in these protective wolds and razed a lesser

house instead. Ightham is square in plan, set round a courtyard and surrounded by its moat. The heart of the house dates from the 14th century—the moat, the timbered hall, the solar, the crypt, the old chapel—but, as with most houses that have had continuous occupation over the centuries, successive generations have made their contributions. There is a Tudor chapel which contains a rare barrel-vaulted ceiling whose timbers are painted with royal badges and lozenges resembling those which decorated the galleries and pav-

ilions set up to house tournaments and other entertainments for the court. It is thought likely that this was the original use for the chapel panels. There is a Jacobean staircase, a drawing room of the same period with a huge fireplace and oak overmantel, and a frieze carved with masks and foliage, stained and gilded in the 19th century. From the 18th century come the Palladian window and the Chinese wallpaper in the drawing room; while the Victorian alterations include the overmantel and panelling in the hall, by Norman Shaw, the pretty bell tower and clock, and the conversion of a store room into a billiard room.

Work on repairing and maintaining the structure of the house has gone on continuously since Mr Robinson bought it in 1953. But all the problems associated with a building of this antiquity—wet rot, dry rot, timber beetle and general depreciation—remain to be dealt with urgently. The Trust has therefore launched an appeal for £500,000, for completion of these essential works over the next decade. The house will remain open to the public while work is in progress, on Friday afternoons throughout the year and on Sunday afternoons between April and September. It is hoped access will be extended in 1986.



Top left, the south-west aspect of Ightham Mote. Top right, a portrait of Charles Henry Robinson who has given the house to the National Trust. Above left, the courtyard with its stocks and massive 19th-century kennel which once housed a St Bernard. Above right, the Tudor chapel with its unique painted barrel roof.



Sir Arthur Bryant, the historian who wrote the Notebook column in *The Illustrated London News* for nearly 49 years, died at Salisbury on January 22 at the age of 85. He wrote his first column for the *ILN* in 1936, following the death of G.K. Chesterton, and he contributed continuously until this year, his last column appearing in our February issue. It is an achievement which we believe to be unique in British journalism, although it is not the quantity of words that will be remembered by generations of our readers, but their quality. He had a vision and a love of England, which he communicated in words of such power and grace, both in his articles for the *ILN* and other publications and in his 36 books, that he became one of the most popular, as well as one of the most prolific, authors of his age.

His own words are his best and will be his most lasting memorial, and so we have chosen here some of those from more than 1,900 columns he wrote for us, as well as reproducing the style of the masthead as it appeared in 1936. In his first article, which commented on the fall of J.H. Thomas following the Budget leak of that year, Bryant demonstrated his capacity for transcending the minutiae of current events by relating them to the deeper concerns of human existence. He noted that Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, had softened the harsh verdict of the tribunal investigating the leak by reflecting, in the House of Commons, that when he saw a man put before a tribunal to answer questions on his past life "I ask myself who of us would escape?"

"The animal desire to hound the vanquished was banished by the sudden exercise of that reflection which raises men above the rest of brute creation," wrote Bryant. "Here, I think, lies the clue to that peculiar element in our human make-up which, for want of a better word, we call poetry. It lies at the foundation of all religion that is not dogma or ritual and of all art that is not mere technique. . . . It seems a long call from poetry to politics. Politics is the necessary mechanism of organized society—an activity with a purely material end, the maintenance and, if possible, improvement of that society. (Though most schemes of human improvement, as Dr Johnson said, are very laughable things.) Poetry is as far removed from action for materialistic purposes as any human activity can well be: it is contemplation and acceptance of God's universe for its own sake. But sometimes the two blend as they did in this speech of Mr Baldwin's. After all, a poet may occasionally stray into poli-

tics, and being there prove to possess the necessary patience, tact and resolution for that most exacting of professions. When this happens the wordy warfare of abstract principles and all too concrete careers is hit for a moment by a flash of insight that causes men to pause and consider where they are."

It was his own insight, his capacity to cause men to pause and reflect, that illuminated many of his Notebook articles. During the Second World War, when he lectured to units of the armed services in many parts of the world, Bryant's articles frequently turned to plans for reconstruction "when the hurly-burly is over", such as in the article published on December 20, 1941:

"As the World will not grow better of itself, it is up to us, as the individual men and women, to make it so. . . . World improvement or deterioration will vary in precise ratio to human improvement or deterioration. It is impossible to escape this natural law, which works with the inevitability of a mathematical proposition. A slum is bad for mankind, not merely because it makes its dwellers uncomfortable, but because it tends to breed bad men. The man who by greed or selfish laziness makes a slum is helping to make other men, living and unborn, as greedy or lazy as himself. The first step to abolishing slums is the self-improvement of the individual: that is, of ourselves. I cannot see how any scheme of reconstruction can succeed unless men and women reconstruct themselves. Otherwise it will break down on the old rock of human nature. Men will be persecuted because other men who happen to have power allow themselves to hate those who disagree with them. Men will be poor and wretched because other men are thoughtless, selfish and idle. Apply the test to Communism, Capitalism, Fascism, or any other "ism", and the same truth remains. Apply it to democracy; it still remains, and, turn as we may with our theorizing, we can no more escape it than a mouse can his tail. Therefore, if we deplore persecution and blame Hitler and his horrible New Order for it, we have got to rule out hatred and intolerance from our own hearts. If we deplore waste and poverty and the human suffering which springs from these things, we have got to keep watch on our own idleness and selfishness and use every hour of our day to leave our little corner of the world better and richer than we found it. There will be no brave new world for any of us without hard work, not by the State—which cannot work of itself—but by the citizens who comprise it. Without

their efforts the State is only a façade—an elaborate stage-effect, like Hitler's New Order, with nothing behind but graft, corruption and injustice.

"We take pride in the thought that we are a democracy. It is not enough to be a democracy. The only democracy worth fighting and living for is a good democracy: that is, a democracy of men and women with standards. The real case for democracy is that more than any other form of government it tends to foster the development of such citizens. There is no virtue in numbers by themselves. If there were, we should have to honour the Nazi hordes who voted for and acclaim Hitler's evil actions. Ten million men clamouring to kick a defenceless minority or remove a neighbour's landmark are just as morally evil as one man doing so. And they are far more harmful."

Another wartime piece, dated November 2, 1940, was headed *London Pride*:

"The lady who bundled into my already overcrowded taxi, asking cheerily, though a little anxiously, if I still had room for a little one, was obviously a person of knowledge and character. She settled her ample self down with infectious assurance, patted the younger woman by her side—a complete stranger to her—and called her 'dearie', and addressed herself to me, the original charterer of this communal vehicle, as to her destination, which was a large, popular emporium in the middle of London. She apparently kept a small store in the outer suburbs and was on her way to secure that personal satisfaction on some matter of business which correspondence by post could not give. She seemed confident that she would receive it, and I have little doubt she did. I felt I was taking some part in the great business of buying and selling by speeding her on her interrupted way, the more so as the interruption had been caused by that general disturber of business, Herr Hitler. Some aspiring German in the dark, knowing not what he did, had dropped a bomb between her and her destination. It was my privilege—expelled like her from a stranded train in a blitzed and taxiless wilderness—to undo the damage this unconscionable aviator had done.

"Our new friend—for she was that almost before she had opened her mouth—expressed herself with some force, but also with great good humour, on the contemptible activities of the enemy. What had to be, she said, had to be. Of course, they did a lot of damage, those bombs: made a nasty mess where they fell, and cruel hard on some poor people it was. For herself,

she did not care—and here, watching her Chaucerian mouth wagging, I trembled, though needlessly, for the modesty of the typist at her side, at whom she gave a quick motherly glance—well, anything for them. One could always get on somehow: now up, now down—life was like that. What she always did when things went wrong was to make herself a cup of tea: even if the gas was off, one could always do that with a few sticks, and there one was, better in a moment. She gazed out of the window at that passing London which was her joy and kingdom, and had she been the dome of St Paul's she could not have looked more proud and seemly to my English eyes. I could not help wishing that Hitler could encounter this jolly atom of English earth and spirit; remembering the far days when he also was poor and humble, he might have recognized his match in resolution."

Later, in 1958, Bryant mused on the postwar dilemma:

"Today, only one thing about the future of humanity seems clear: that man has no idea where he is going, he wants to travel faster and further, but beyond a vague aspiration to colonize the moon—for what precise purpose no one seems to know—he does not appear to have any ultimate objective at all. He would like, of course, to increase his material comforts and diminish the amount of pain attendant on his brief physical existence and to postpone, as long as possible, the hour of his personal demise. He would also like to do less work for more material reward. But there his aspirations end; the meaning of his destiny, as seen by himself, is as confused and indeterminate as that of a Picasso picture. Indeed, that great but perverse artist affords, like so much contemporary music, a perfect reflection of the thoughts and the mood of the age—an age of Uncertainty and Bewilderment.

"Of course, those who don't know where they are going sometimes reach their destination quickly; the Gadarene swine did. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. Yet his accent was on the word hopefully, and part of modern man's trouble is that he hasn't much hope. Despite pipe-dream platitudes about future peace and prosperity, the man in the street, so far as he thinks about the future, is more afraid than hopeful. He expects nuclear wars and slumps, dole-queues and strikes, civil strife and authoritarian regimentation. And he does so with a fatalistic indifference, which, in this country at least, is quite alien to the spirit of her



Sir Arthur Bryant at work in his study in 1970, a volume of *The Illustrated London News* open before him.

past. The pessimism and defeatism of his attitude would have amazed and horrified his cheerful, vigorous great-grandfather of a century ago."

Bryant wrote on many subjects with equal felicity—on his delight in forestry and the countryside, on his dogs, cat and mongoose, on buildings and the environment, on Harrow, cricket and liberty. In an introduction to a collection of his Notebook articles (*The Lion and the Unicorn*, Collins, 1969), he declared that he could not pretend that his views were fashionable or in tune with contemporary ideology.

"If anyone wonders why my column has any readers," he wrote, "I can only suggest the answer Charles II gave when asked to explain how a particularly stupid clergyman, whom he had made a bishop, had converted his flock from dissent to orthodoxy: 'I suppose his sort of nonsense suits their sort of nonsense.'"

**In the last years of his life Bryant went to live in his beloved Salisbury, about which he wrote in 1956:**

"Returning the other evening to Wiltshire after absence, I had to break my journey at Salisbury, and made my way, as most travellers halted in Salisbury do, to the Cathedral. It was almost dark and the beauty of the Close—perhaps the loveliest in England—was shrouded, but the silhouette of the spire and the great building out of which it rises was glorious against the darkening sky. It was too early for Evening Service, but, as I entered, the lights on the High Altar were already lit and the interior had ceased to be a processional ground for tourists and become wholly devoted once more to the purpose for which it has existed for seven centuries—the contemplation and worship of God, so that casual entrants like myself and a few remaining sightseers were awed into stillness and participation in the mystery within. I took my seat near the west end of the central aisle, looking up through the darkness at the distant altar, and above at those wonderful arches, the hard, brassy, 19th-century renovation of the stonework and marble no longer visible and only the miraculous achievement of the 13th-century builders shining through space and time. Then, as I waited, a single bell began to sound, filling the whole cathedral with the sense of serene imminence—of waiting in peace for an answer to all the confused questionings of the illusion called life outside. I was on my way to my own place—the place to which I ultimately belong so far as man belongs to any place on earth, because there, and in my birthplace, Norfolk, my life had its beginnings, and to our beginnings we inevitably return. It made me feel very grateful and strangely at peace to be allowed to stand and kneel in this great Wiltshire shrine, the heart of the land of chalk and greensand downs and valleys to which I owe so much and whose life-long inspiration I am trying, in some small measure, to repay by planting trees in a little corner of its soil."

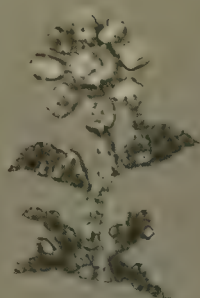
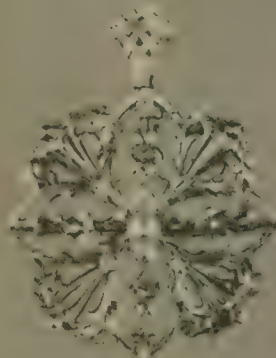


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A diamond set flower brooch with emerald set leaves with a ground of emeralds and rubies. English c.1780.

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# ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

## Don who mixes humanity with medicine

I have had to wait until the mature age recently reached by Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot and the British Council for an invitation to dine at an Oxbridge college High Table. The occasion, at St Peter's College, Oxford, as the guest of the English 'don' and poet/playwright Francis Warner, was notable for the company as well as the food and wine.

Over post-prandial port in the Senior Common Room I sat next to a remarkable man, Dr David El-Kabir, a Fellow and tutor in medicine at the college who also moves in the very different world of London's homeless. He has brought both strands of his life together in a pioneering medical community-cum-sick-bay which he recently founded in Maida Vale: 16 mainly ex-Oxford doctors and students live above, up to eight homeless patients recuperate below.

And there, at Wytham Hall, in Sutherland Avenue W9, I found myself one foggy evening a week or so later. The talk among the medics, led by Dr El-Kabir, was not only of the malnutrition, often compounded by alcoholism, of their homeless patients, and the terrible state of their feet, but also of the importance of treating all patients as people. "Doctors tend to regard patients as medical models," said Dr El-Kabir. How, he wondered, could doctors be taught to observe all the little human signs of trouble as well as the medical symptoms? Should they be examined on the great novelists and poets, on Blake and Eliot as well as on medicine?

David El-Kabir was brought up in Baghdad, where his father was Accountant-General in the 1920s. He went to a French-speaking Jewish school: Arabic and French were his first languages. E. M. Forster's book on Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, the Cambridge humanist, fired him with a desire to study by the Cam, where he interspersed medical studies at St Catharine's College with bouts of conducting French 17th-century music and playing it on the violin and viola.

After qualifying and working in hospitals in Sheffield, he became a research specialist on the thyroid gland, first in London, then at Oxford University as a member of the Medical Research Council, and in 1969 he became a Fellow of St Peter's College. It was partly his wife's death from cancer, leaving him with two small children, and partly a need to lead a more integrated life, which caused him to quit research in 1974 for general practice.

After retraining, he started a practice from scratch in Notting Hill in 1977, and that same year was appointed the first physician-in-charge of the new

Great Chapel Street Medical Centre in Soho. This first drop-in medical centre in England was set up for the young homeless following the shock caused by the television documentary *Johnny Come Home*. He and his Notting Hill partner see about 25 patients each afternoon of the week there.

Experience there and at St Martin-in-the-Fields, where he does one morning surgery a week at the church's social service centre, reinforced his feeling that a place where urgent and serious cases could be treated over days or weeks was badly needed. On February 1, 1984, with much support from local authorities, an old nurses' centre in Sutherland Avenue was taken over and became Wytham Hall.

The 100 or so homeless patients who have since been treated there—by doctors and student doctors living on the floors above them—have stayed for an average of two weeks. The largest single age group is 41-45, and Scotland and the North much the most common places of origin. The sick-bay's eight beds in three rooms will soon rise to 10, and there is a sitting-room, kitchen, washroom and laundry.

Most of the patients come from Dr El-Kabir's surgeries at Great Chapel Street and St Martin's, and a majority have been sleeping rough. Respiratory and foot problems predominate: I declined an offer to see some colour photographs of the latter. Shoes become soggy and feet ulcerated. One patient from Manchester had had to have a foot amputated after getting frostbite, only to develop ulcers on the stump. One not untypical alcoholic, aged 63, was so severely under-nourished he had to be fed on liquid proteins at first. "To begin with he was asleep most of the day and night. Now he has a glint in his eye, and his life has been transformed," said Dr El-Kabir. Two former patients help on the domestic side every day at the sick-bay.

The El-Kabir philosophy of openness and responsibility embraces not only doctors but patients admitted to the sick-bay, who receive a front-door key on arrival. They are introduced, examined, and then commit themselves to such house rules as no alcohol or drug-taking on or near the premises; no violence or malicious damage, and no visitors without consent. A charge is



Dr David El-Kabir, seated, with Dr Mike Sutters, left, and Robert Bolus.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLINE PENN

made for meals, usually payable directly by the Department of Health and Social Security. Patients are addressed as "Mr" (so far only one has been female).

When I was shown around, three middle-aged patients were watching television in a clean, warm room, two were out, and the sixth had just come in, definitely drunk. He was asked to depart forthwith. About 20 per cent similarly find they cannot keep the rules. Of the rest many revert to the streets, but all are discharged initially to some form of hostel or bed and breakfast place.

Accommodation is found for them by Robert Bolus, who lives in one of the 16 bed-sitters at Wytham Hall and is the administrator at the Great Chapel Street Centre. He first met Dr El-Kabir as a patient there in mid 1978, having failed initially to come to terms with life in London after arriving from Cape Town, South Africa. He lives at Wytham Hall along with the medics, who look after the sick-bay patients on a rota. "Students learn so much from having to confront the patients as human beings," he observed.

Another resident, Dr Mike Sutters, a senior house doctor at St Charles Hospital, Ladbroke Grove, remarked on the microcosmic nature of sick-bay life. "Some patients try to dominate the other patients and us. Some are very responsible. Some drift with the currents... they are as interested in us as we are in them."

I was struck by the pervasive emphasis at Wytham Hall on openness, naturalness, respect for human dignity coupled with a desire to face the shadows as well as the light, and not to "glue things over with niceness", as someone put it. Yet did their little sick-bay make a worthwhile dent in the ocean of human deprivation? "You can say it's a drop in the ocean, but it's our little drop," said David El-Kabir.

## Nurturing young talent

Young musicians of international promise face a Catch-22 situation: no agent will take them on until their names become known; so how do they get the engagements necessary to become known? Alternatively, if they are pitchforked into early fame by winning a big competition, a heady rush of engagements may damage their development as musicians.

To nurture a small number of outstanding talents the Young Concert Artists Trust (YCAT) was set up last year on the lines of an American precedent with an impressive board from the worlds of music and business, and with generous help from W. H. Smith & Son. For those chosen—initially six, by audition, from 179 applicants—it arranges engagements and publicity. I met three of the lucky ones after a most enjoyable concert YCAT had arranged for them at the Purcell Room on London's South Bank.



In terms of honours gained young, cellist Caroline Dale, now 19, is perhaps the most remarkable. At 13 she won the string section of the 1978 BBC TV Young Musicians of the Year competition. Last year she became the youngest-ever Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. Earlier she won scholarships to study in Geneva under Pierre Fournier ("the greatest musician I have come across") and at the Fine Arts Center in Banff, Canada.

She is pretty, sensible and articulate as well as wonderfully gifted. Her parents, both zoologists, were not strikingly musical, though when she started playing a quarter-sized cello, aged six, her mother took it up, too. Her father, who used to play the piano, has a very good musical ear.

"I took up the piano at five and never really got on with it, but I was very interested in music," Caroline recalled. "Then one day I heard what turned out to be Jacqueline du Pré playing the cello on the radio, and I just fell in love with it. It was so like the human voice, and so lyrical."

Brought up in Middlesbrough—Tyne Tees TV made a 30-minute programme on her in 1983—she received a lot of requests to play when she won the BBC prize against competitors five years her senior. It was not just being at the local comprehensive that kept her feet on the ground. "It's such a hard profession. You have to have an awful lot of self-discipline."

"It's very important to have a good teacher and good back-up to make sure you aren't over-loading yourself. If you're over-exposed when young, you find it hard to move slowly up the ladder later." While still at school she had already studied with Florence Hooton at the Royal Academy of Music in London, to which she won a scholarship at 16.

The next YCAT protégé I met was Timothy Wilson, aged 23, who is fortunately equipped with a fine sense of humour—very necessary if you sing counter-tenor, which is within the same range as a female contralto. "When you start, you have to be aware that some people are going to laugh," he said. "Ignorance is rife. People suggest you have had an operation, or they say: 'Gosh, it must hurt to sing so high'. They don't realize that all the rules are the same if you do it right."



You have to be able to put up with the ribbing—and the prejudice. There have been some really bad counter-tenors who have given the voice a bad name."

As with Caroline, Tim Wilson's parents are not specially musical: his father is training officer for the Southern Electricity Board. But his maternal grandfather was head chorister at Salisbury Cathedral, and Tim became head chorister at Winchester Cathedral, being hailed indeed by *The Gramophone* as "treble of the decade".

It's a lottery whether you still have a good voice when it breaks, Tim said. His vocal chords turned out to be of baritone length (tenors have shorter, fatter ones) and good quality. "At about 15, when my voice had settled, I realized sitting at the piano that I could slip into high gear and make a natural, pleasant sound. My mother used to say that when I was singing counter-tenor, much less strain appeared on my face, as if it was completely natural. A counter-tenor uses the two voices, so there is no break between them. At the top it is pure falsetto, in the middle a mixture and at the bottom it's straight baritone." The bit in the middle is the most difficult.

Perhaps riskily, he sang baritone in local amateur musicals and even, doubling on keyboard instruments, in a pop group. That was after he had exchanged the cloistral calm of Winchester choir school for a comprehensive in his native Newbury. Keeping his options open, he won a scholarship as a baritone to the Royal Academy of Music, and another as a counter-tenor to King's College, Cambridge. On expert advice he decided that his counter-tenor voice had most potential. The Royal Academy agreed, and accepted him as such.

The counter-tenor repertoire is mainly classical opera and oratorio. The 19th century was apparently counter-tenorless, but the voice has come back into vogue this century, even with contemporary composers. He puts the number of his English rivals between six and 12. Happily there are few on the Continent. He earns a steady wage from singing in the choir of St George's Chapel at Windsor Castle, where he has a grace-and-favour flat with panoramic views of Eton and beyond.



Cellist Caroline Dale, counter-tenor Tim Wilson, pianist William Stephenson.

Life is vastly more competitive for the pianist among my threesome, William Stephenson, aged 22, who by contrast comes from a musical home. His father, who is music adviser to Hillingdon Borough Council and gave recitals as a young man, taught William from the age of four. "There are loads and loads of very good pianists looking for work," William said, quite uncomplainingly. The main reason is that the piano isn't an orchestral instrument—"I've yet to hear of an orchestra with 40 pianos in it... the rewards as a solo pianist may be greater, but they are harder to get."

William's brother is a cellist in the Philharmonia Orchestra, his sister a violinist in the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, and there was much music-making at home when he was at grammar school in High Wycombe. He gave his first London recital aged 12. After A-levels he, too, proceeded to the Royal Academy of Music, which produced four out of six YCAT protégés, winning many prizes while he was there.

So how can even a brilliantly talented pianist make a mark? "You have to sort out what everyone else has got. They are all able to whizz around the piano and produce startling effects. You have to go beyond that and have an honest and genuine involvement in the music; and you have to have something different to say yourself." Although he has been doing 40 concerts a year, he still takes lessons. "It would be easy just to slip into a career and not reach one's full potential."

Like Caroline and Tim, he values YCAT not just for the engagements and publicity but for the contacts with the conductors, agents and impresarios on its board of directors and advisory council. They all counted themselves very fortunate.

Caroline Dale gives a recital at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, SE1 on March 3. Timothy Wilson sings in Handel's *Semele* at Huddersfield Town Hall on March 9. William Stephenson plays Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No 2 with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Barbican, EC2 on March 17.

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**GEORGE KNIGHT**  
Overseas

# The passing of a bridge

MARCH 85



The 121-year-old Blackfriars railway bridge was demolished in nine days with the aid of an 800 ton Dutch floating crane. Our pictures, top and above right, show a 197 ton section being lifted and floated downriver on the way to a Rotterdam scrapyard. The engraving from the *ILN* of December 26, 1863, above left, shows the bridge in its heyday. It was last used, for freight, in 1971. The St Paul's railway bridge, downstream at Blackfriars, is still in operation.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF POWELL DUTTON PLC

# Europe's costly quark hunter

by Norman Moss

Europe leads the world in high-energy physics, but Britain's role in the European Nuclear Research Centre near Geneva is currently under review.

In one area Europe is a superpower, with the United States and the Soviet Union drawing on its resources. This is in physics. Europe holds the lead here not because of its brain power but because of its machine power. For it is a paradox of modern physics that as the objects that are studied become smaller and more abstract, so the machinery needed to study them becomes larger and more expensive.

The biggest machinery of this kind in the world is at CERN, the Centre Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire, the European Nuclear Research Centre, outside Geneva. A new machine—the Large Electron Positron storage machine (LEP)—is being built there that is almost unbelievably large: it will fill a circular underground tunnel 17 miles long. Mining is going on now.

CERN was started in 1954 precisely because this kind of physics was becoming more expensive, and it was clear that unless European countries were going to give up on this field, they would have to pool their resources and do together the things that they could not afford to do separately. It has become an exemplary case of European co-operation among the 13 member countries, and one of the great world centres of scientific research.

The French scientist Louis Leprince-Ringuet, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, said of CERN, in a comment tinged with characteristic Gallic pride: "The organization has been responsible for fostering a common consciousness and a sense of unity among European scientists. The 'brain drain' has been halted, and many of the best scientists from East and West now come to work with us."

Last year's Nobel Prize in Physics was won by two men at CERN, the Italian Carlo Rubbia and Simon Van Der Veer from Holland, for their discovery in the CERN synchrotron of two new particles, the W and Z bosons. The awards committee said that their experiment was "the biggest project with which the Nobel Prize committee has ever been involved".

CERN covers 208 acres above ground, straddling the Swiss-French border. From the windows of their offices, the scientists look out on a pleasing aspect: vineyards and orchards and the Jura Mountains on one side. Geneva and the Alps on the other. It is

the size of a small town, and the streets are named after great physicists of the past, so that directions might be: "You go down Einstein Road and turn left into Curie Road."

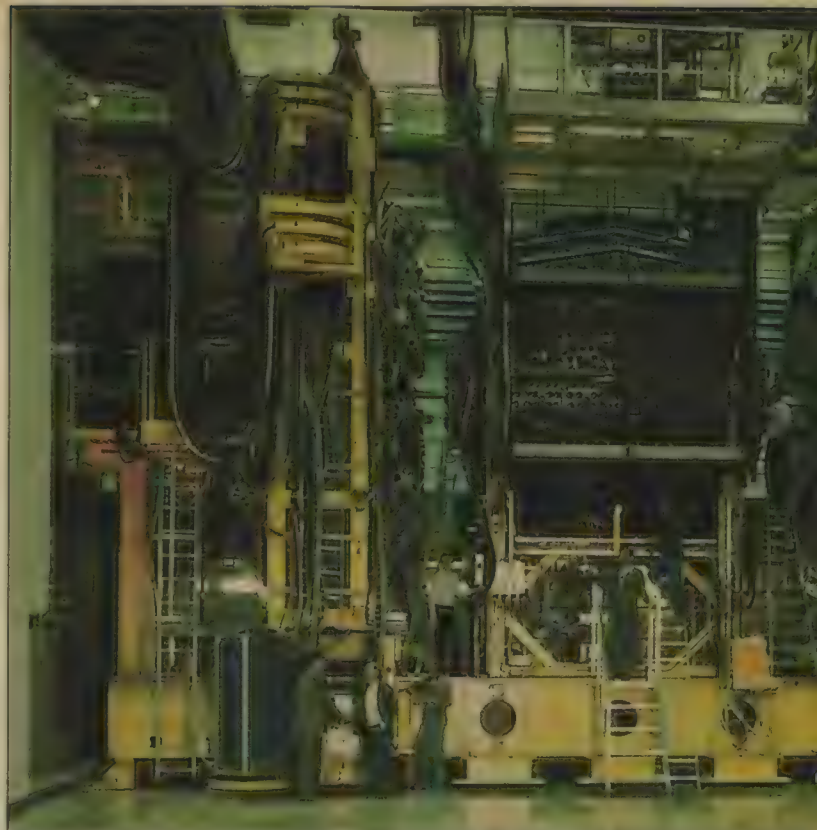
Some 6,500 people inhabit the place during working hours. This includes 3,500 on the staff—at present 331 of them are British—plus at any one time about 1,000 visiting scientists, mostly but not exclusively from European member countries, and 1,000 or so visiting technicians working on equipment. This year the Centre is spending £220 million on its work. Britain's basic contribution is £35 million, calculated on gross national product, to which another £15 million for other costs, including related research in Britain, must be added. It was the relative size of this sum, out of a "civil" science budget of £550 million for the outgoing financial year, which in March, 1984 led Sir Keith Joseph to call for a review of Britain's participation. Headed by Sir John Kendrew, a joint Nobel prize-winner, the inquiry committee is expected to deliver its conclusions before long.

Scientists are drawn to CERN from Britain and other countries because of the facilities and the work going on there. Most live in villages on the French side of the border because rents are much higher in Switzerland. They learn French rapidly because, although English is the *lingua franca* among the scientific staff, many of the technicians and junior staff are hired locally and are French-speaking. Indeed, for some, the multi-national character of the organization is an added attraction.

Most leading physicists anywhere in the world have spent some time at CERN. There are always some visiting Americans there and nearly always some Russians, who are embarrassed by the posters in a few of the offices calling for the release of Yuri Orlov, the dissident Soviet scientist who has also visited CERN.

Although it is called a nuclear research centre, it has nothing to do with either nuclear power or nuclear weapons. Its work is entirely theoretical; none of it is secret, and CERN's findings are all published. In fact, the scientists who work there no longer call their field nuclear physics but "particle physics", or "high-energy physics".

The work involves seeking and



The 208 acre site at CERN (the European Nuclear Research Centre) straddles the Swiss-French border. The solid line shows the position of the 4½-mile-long tunnel housing the Super Proton Synchrotron; the dotted line marks the route of the 17 mile tunnel, currently being excavated, for the Large Electron Positron.

examining sub-atomic particles which exist for only an unimaginably small instant of time, including the celebrated quark, predicted by the American Murray Gell-Mann, who won a Nobel Prize for his achievement. These quarks turn out to be the constituent parts of a proton, previously thought to be indivisible. Gell-Mann named it after a phrase in James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* about "hunting the quark". Others have followed him in giving whimsical names to particular quarks. One quark has "charm" because it does not decay as others do, and so leads a "charmed" life; another is called a "strange" quark because its unexplained behaviour makes it seem

different from the others.

Scientists do not hunt the quark as biologists might hunt a microbe, trying to find it with their microscopes. These objects are much too small to be seen, or even detected directly. The dimensions of the objects of study at CERN are small beyond our imaginings: particles that weigh a trillion trillionth of a gram, moving across a millionth of an inch, at 99.999 per cent of the speed of light, a speed that is measured precisely. This contrasts strangely with the huge machinery three storeys high, moving about on rails, which is used to reach into this sub-atomic world.

The world that CERN explores is different from the world of our every-



**Carlo Rubbia, above, was joint winner of last year's Nobel Prize for Physics for work done at CERN. Left, the Large Electron Positron being built there is the largest machinery of its kind in the world.**

day experience in its nature as well as its dimensions. It is a surrealist, Alice-in-Wonderland world where the objects sought are not objects such as we see, with hard edges and a solid reality, clearly distinguished from the things that happen to them. In this world particles can be seen as packets of energy, or as forces. Sometimes they are identifiable only as forces, the effects of one particle upon another, manifested as a short-lived particle. Sometimes they are identifiable as energy, or as energy lost in a collision of particles. For when particles collide at high speed, the identity of matter and energy that Einstein discovered is made manifest.

As Edward Ratcliffe, a former Royal Navy engineer who has been operating CERN machines for 28 years, put it: "Scientists have discovered 300 new particles. But all this means is that there are 300 ways to convert energy into matter." As this implies, when particles collide with one another at high speed, some of the energy in their momentum is turned into new particles. This is what happens inside the machines that accelerate particles and then propel them against one another.

The biggest accelerator at CERN is the super proton synchrotron, or SPS. It is in a circular tunnel  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and contains 960 electromagnets plus radio frequency accelerators. These, using the electrical properties of the particles, impart to them enormous energy so that they travel at almost the speed of light, and compress the beams of particles into a narrow space, and direct them. The SPS is used to create collisions between a beam of protons and another of anti-protons, those particles of anti-matter, the substance that can only be created artificially and which meets with ordinary matter only in mutual annihilation (although scien-

tists do not rule out the possibility that there are anti-matter galaxies somewhere in the universe). The SPS projects a beam of each around the circle in opposite directions 150,000 times, which takes a little under two seconds, before bringing them into collision.

A whole series of extraordinarily ingenious devices makes it possible to control these beams of particles and detect the results of the collisions. The detectors, which intersect the tunnel at two points in huge underground caverns, feed the data they collect to computers programmed to analyse it.

The SPS is controlled a lot of the time by Vincent Hatton, a tall, slim, sandy-haired Lancastrian physicist who has been at CERN for 12 years. "They've closed down the two synchrotrons in Britain, so it was either here or the United States," he explains. His command post is a control room with a huge, crescent-shaped panel at which men sit before consoles. When an experiment is in progress, which may be for several weeks at a time, the control room is manned 24 hours a day. Hatton watches over it like an anxious mother, telephoning from home the last thing at night and first thing in the morning to check on its state of health and see whether faults have developed anywhere along the line.

The Nobel Prize-winning discovery of the W and Z bosons was made on the SPS. The W boson has 90 times the mass of a proton; the Z boson is lighter. Their life span is represented mathematically as  $10^{-20}$  seconds, that is, a 100 millionth trillionth of a second. Traces of what could only have been bosons were found in nine events after a computer analysis of 1,000 million particle collisions. The existence of bosons had been predicted earlier.

The W and Z particles are significant because they appear to unite two of the four fundamental forces of nature. The

way is now open to find a factor that unites these with the other two forces. The bosons are believed to link the weak nuclear force, the force of radioactivity, with electromagnetism. These two forces interact with one another through an exchange of bosons. The aim of most particle physics is to continue the unifying work by linking these two fundamental forces with the two others, the strong nuclear force, that holds the nucleus of the atom together and, ultimately, with gravity. A unified field theory that links all these forces is the aim, the Holy Grail of physics; Einstein worked to achieve it during the last 20 years of his life. Roy Billinge, a British scientist who went to CERN from the Fermi Laboratory in Chicago and heads the 500-man Proton Synchrotron Division, says: "Scientists want there to be a unified theory because it would have beauty and simplicity. If there is progress towards one, then it's going to take place here at CERN, almost by definition, because of what we're doing here."

Another SPS discovery is the so-called "top" quark, announced by CERN in July, 1983, causing some excitement in the world of physics.

Many of the experiments conducted in CERN's synchrotrons are devised by scientists in other laboratories, who also analyse the results. Eleven laboratories in Europe and America participated in the experiments that led to the discovery of the bosons. Every now and again a lorry leaves CERN carrying hundreds of computer tapes for analysis at the Rutherford Laboratory, near Oxford.

The giant LEP machine in its 17-mile tunnel will not start operating until 1989, but already scientists all over the world are preparing experiments. In CERN's workshops, wood and metal models of pieces of equipment for these experiments are being built. LEP will not accelerate protons and anti-protons, but electrons and positrons. These will produce different reactions and, it is hoped, a whole range of different discoveries.

Some of these may concern the origin of the universe, the "big bang" with which, according to current cosmology, everything began about 15 billion years ago. Scientists say that conditions at the point of a particle collision inside LEP will approximate conditions during the first moment of the big bang.

The head of CERN's Theoretical Physics Division, Maurice Jacob, an articulate, thoughtful Frenchman who has taught at several major American universities, wants answers from LEP to questions about the universe that are so basic that it would not occur to most of us to ask them. "It might help us to find out why there is more energy than matter," he says. "And why there is more matter than anti-matter. And why the universe is expanding."

LEP may also shed some light on how, and whether, the universe will

come to an end. Although it will not accelerate protons, it may help to answer the question of whether protons decay. It has been assumed they do not; however, it is possible that they are decaying, but so slowly that this has not been detected. If protons do decay, then the material, universe that we know will end through their gradual disappearance.

In one office at CERN there is a cartoon on the wall showing a cave-man working on a prototype wheel. Another caveman is saying to him, "You don't expect us to feed you while you're playing around with that thing, do you?" The doubts expressed by the caveman Philistine about supporting that most important inventor arise in some minds over the colossal expense of CERN: what justification is there for spending so much money on scientific work that has no practical value?

There are three main justifications that leading people at CERN give for spending money on their work. One is that there are technical spin-offs because of the high quality of the work required. An example is the positron camera, used in medical research to chart the passage of certain radioactive tracers through the body, which grew out of experimental equipment devised at CERN. Another is higher precision electrical instruments. The second defence is that fundamental research in physics has always produced practical results, from the electric light to the atomic bomb, even though these often could not be foreseen. It is said that when Faraday demonstrated electric current to Gladstone, the Prime Minister said it was very interesting but wondered what earthly use it could be. "What use," Faraday is said to have replied, "is a new-born baby?" (Another version has him saying, also prophetically, "Oh, I don't know, Mr Gladstone, maybe you'll be able to put a tax on it some day.")

The third justification for the expense (although scientists rarely use it, perhaps because it could sound pretentious), is that the urge to comprehend the world and its nature is basic to human culture, and lies behind much of human striving in art and religion as well as science.

In the past four centuries the discoveries of science, in addition to their practical value, have changed our view of the universe and man's place in it. Some of the questions that have been raised in the past few decades by discoveries in the sub-atomic world relate to the ultimate nature of reality. They are questions that have been asked in the past by philosophers and religious men. The CERN Director-General, the German physicist Herwig Schopper, mused in a talk recently: "Is the universe composed of objects, or is it an idealistic structure? The answer to this question is an important part of human existence." Today one approach to this answer lies through the use of powerful and expensive machines ●



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# Anatomy of a suburb

by Michael Watkins. Photographs by Anne Cardale.

Southgate N14 is typical of the London suburbs—neither town nor country, the retreat of the affluent and a bastion of respectability, it is insulated from the harsh realities of the 1980s.

Once there were townsmen on the one hand and countrymen on the other. Towards the end of the Victorian era, suburban man emerged, searching for the best of both worlds, often settling for the worst, yet creating an entire sub-culture.

First the steam railway, then the Underground fostered the growth of London's suburbs. To move out of the city became a sign of success. Soon the townies outnumbered the gentry and villagers in what had been rural areas. Southgate, N14, is an archetypal London suburb, and the views of its inhabitants would probably be echoed in many others.

Prints and photographs of Southgate taken towards the turn of the century show a rural idyll: sheep grazing on a village green, Duchess Pond partly enclosed by great trees, a terrace of patrician 18th-century houses and a pub known as the Cherry Tree. Central London was 8 miles away; no doubt the more stalwart members of the Southgate Nondescript Bicycle Club covered the distance on their penny-farthings. There were big houses, secluded within their estates: the Taylors owned Grovelands House, the Walkers were squires of Arnos Grove. Sir Thomas Lipton kept black servants from "the Indies". There was an old boy, Blind Gudgeon, who sold water from his barrel for a penny a pail to the cottagers; and it was a common sight to see villagers carrying home Sunday dinner from the baker's ovens.

Then the steam railway came and a station opened at Palmers Green, the other side of Alderman's Hill ford. In 1932 the "Tube Railway" was completed and the housing boom got under way. In 1933 Hugh Davis started his estate agency, selling "desirable villas" for £750. He is still in business, and offers the same houses for £90,000, with "quality" houses fetching between £300,000 to £600,000. Southgate's village green is today known as The Green and boasts felons' stocks and a Metropolitan drinking fountain and cattle trough planted with Busy Lizzies. The pub is now prefixed—in the way of Merrie England—"Ye Olde" Cherry Tree. Bourne Hill preserves a cattle-pound last used in 1904, while Cannon Hill has restored the village gates. The Legal & General fills Vyell Edward Walker's mansion, Arnos Grove, with a staff of 400 while, behind the bus shelter, criss-crossed with graffiti, you could try *nouvelle cuisine* at Le Restaurant Français du Coin—unless you prefer the Empress of India's tandoori a few doors along.



The "Tube Railway" station is circular in shape, temporary in appearance, like a flying saucer come to rest in Chase Side. It must have caused a stir in 1932, so daring is its design. The line runs out two stops farther on, at Cockfosters, where commuters find themselves in rural England—or very nearly. From Southgate there are 15 stops to Piccadilly Circus.

Central London is still 8 miles away; but the melancholy truth is that the city has gobbled up Southgate, lock, stocks and old Gudgeon's barrel.

**"I believe there are blacks and Greeks, but there's no racism here... Southgate hasn't gone downhill at all."**

**DOROTHY NYE**

You do not have to rely only on engravings and photographs to learn about Southgate's past. Dorothy Nye will recall it just as graphically, gleefully, too, for she has loved the place from the beginning—her beginning, that is, in 1896. She is a pretty woman still, her house is pretty, too, built in the 1650s and, like its mistress, still going strong. She took a temporary job in the telephone exchange at Old Scotland Yard when its number was Whitehall 1212, and stayed for 22 years. They gave her the British Empire Medal when she answered her last call. She used to take the penny horse bus to

Palmers Green station and, five changes and one and a half hours later, she would arrive at the Yard.

"Southgate was always a very grand area... Trent Park, where the Sassoons lived," she reminisces. "A banker lived opposite, he had a brougham and a coachman with a silk hat, I watched them from that very window." A red double-decker bus crawled by, bound for Victoria, while a Jumbo jet droned above, like a huge moth, "stacking" for Heathrow. "Southgate is a village still," she insists. "Or perhaps I just haven't noticed it turning into a suburb, a town. You don't notice building going on as you grow up, do you? Then suddenly, everything's changed."

"I believe there are blacks and Greeks, but there's no racism here—we were always used to Sir Thomas's black servants, you see. Southgate hasn't gone downhill at all," she declares loyally. "My nephews still refer to this house as the ancestral home."

Compared with Dorothy Nye, the Pages, who were brought to Southgate as infants in the year 1910 are relative newcomers. They are Cockneys rather than Southgatians, born within the sound of Bow Bells. They married in the days when Southgate was still surrounded by farmland, when it was "very much a case of gentry and villagers—gentry sat on one side of the church, servants on the other". Eric Page is a countryman at heart; he even takes *The Countryman* quarterly maga-

zine, and reads it avidly. He went into shipping, travelling by steam train to Broad Street every day from 1920 until his retirement 15 years ago. He always wore a dark suit, stiff collar, bowler hat and carried an umbrella in fair weather or foul, for Southgate was a "very genteel place", not the "mixture" of today.

His wife, Midge, never took kindly to the country: "I just don't like the country smells and all that quiet," she says. She likes to be near the shops, though one or two of the local tradesmen still deliver. Several of the shops are owned by Indians, whom Midge finds "very obliging". Could the Pages become personal friends with Indians? "That's difficult to say," answers Eric. "There's an Indian gentleman three doors away, he plays tennis at the Conway Lawn Tennis Club..."

They are a little bewildered, marooned between past and present, not entirely sure what to make of it all: "There's a Wimpy Bar and a McDonald's in Chase Side—we've never eaten a hamburger. We look back very happily. Yes, I suppose we suffer from nostalgia. All our old neighbours have moved away; we find ourselves ancient inhabitants. We stayed on." They make it sound like Poona, instead of London N14. Perhaps there are some similarities.

You hear that Southgate is a "high, leafy" place. So it is; you can see for miles, far beyond "Ally Pally", across a sea of grey tiled rooftops. It is certainly leafy: the roads and avenues—broader



than in most suburbs—are luxuriantly planted with shrubs and cherry trees. Meadway, Greenway, Ridgeway, all seem exclusive, with rose bushes, Volvo Estates and part-time gardeners. The houses are gloriously mock Tudor with the steep eaves of the Swiss Engadine. The Mall is Edwardian, a touch severe, with stained-glass windows in the halls. Fox Lane dips into Palmers Green and numerous Greek-Cypriot restaurants. There is clearly still a pecking order in N14. There is also an unassailable feeling that everything is very nearly all right with the world. Unemployment is only marginal.

There are some splendid parks around Southgate: Grovelands Park with its lake and gambolling red setters

and a bye-law that trees must not be climbed; Arnos Park with its frothy brook, swings, slides and roundabouts; Broomfield Park, 54-odd acres purchased for £25,000 in 1903, with marvellously-kept flower beds and a museum which burnt down last year. There is a park keeper in Broomfield, English-looking as an oak, white-haired, with the bearing of a Brigade of Guards drill-sergeant. His name is Hassan Halil, a Turkish Cypriot, and for 19 years he has been clearing up the mess we leave behind. He says the public are filthy, they vandalize the lavatories, set fire to deck-chairs; he even suspects the museum fire was an act of arson. He seems a nice man, caring and disillusioned; his English is

Sheep no longer graze on Southgate green, above, in the shadow of Christ Church, but there are remnants of the rural past, and the Cherry Tree, left, has become "Ye Olde" to fit the village image. Opposite, the "Tube railway" came in 1932 and brought a housing boom.

faulty, his good intentions not at all so.

It must disturb him, the sight of those smashed lavatory basins and broken locks. It must distress him to read in the *Palmers Green and Southgate Gazette* of the "growing wave of indecent exposures, assaults and hand-bag snatches" leading to the warning that "women should be on the lookout at all times".

It disturbs Pat Jordan, wife of a policeman and secretary to the vicar of Christ Church, who is apprehensive about walking home on winter evenings. Her husband, Kelwin, runs the Southgate youth club: "Basically the youngsters are spoilt. They buy Pierre Cardin sweaters for £50 and think nothing of it. Their parents bring them to the club by car and collect them, they never use their legs. If you can make Southgate, then you've made it in life, that's the feeling—it's posh."

Who has the money? Not Fred Miller, builder by trade, born in Southgate in 1915. Surely a builder in booming Southgate should have made a pile? "We didn't make a million," says Fred, whose family were bellringers at Christ Church, "because we wanted things to stay the same—and we did business by

gentleman's agreement, not contracts and small print; a handshake was good enough for us. My Dad used to go to old Doctor Burns and at the end of the year they'd reckon they were about quits: bottles of medicine for burst pipes, fair exchange. I pushed a hand-truck to work . . . bloke next door's got three cars," he adds darkly.

John Jenkins is headmaster of Walker School for four- to 11-year-olds in Waterfall Road: "Southgate is an amalgam of smugness, self-satisfaction and muscle," he says. "They're privileged to be here and they'll battle for their life-style. To the older residents it's unchanging, but change is upon them. It's no longer a village, the dodo is dead but it won't lie down. It's very English to resent change. Southgate is a suburb, full stop, and full of change: there are children whose first language is not English, 25 per cent are Jewish, and there are six Japanese families bringing children here."

"The parents have achieved and they want their children to achieve even more. Many of them are on the conveyor-belt of success—the status symbols in houses, cars, clothes, holidays—they're under mortgage-pressure, so both parents work, with an *au pair* to run the house. They're achieving success and they might also be achieving lots of anguish."

If Charles and Philippa Burch are well-off, they are very discreet about it: Charles was at Eton and read theology at Trinity College, Cambridge; ➤➤➤



## Anatomy of a suburb

Philippa studied at the Royal Academy of Music. They are both 27, recently married and newcomers to the area, renting a flat above an Indian-owned grocery shop, considering buying in Southgate when they find what they are looking for. They are intelligent, committed Christians, trusting and transparently open-hearted. They are also fun, a credit to any community. Yet when Charles read the lesson in church there was a bit of muttering among the elders because, on the slide-rule of time, the honour was premature.

So far they like Southgate although "it's rather Anglo-Saxon, there are racist tendencies, the classic anxiety that blacks 'lower the tone'. Suburbs were always music-hall jokes. Suburban men were always synonymous with boring little men, but there are boring little men everywhere. We'll enjoy Southgate for a while—there's still a vestige of village England, the church, cricket and Elgar." It is said with tongue-in-cheek, so you don't take it more seriously than is intended.

**"There's no Sloane Ranger element, accents aren't important because so many residents have come from humble origins."**

**BRIAN MOUNTFORD**

The Vicar of Christ Church, the Reverend Brian Mountford, is surely not rich. "I think the big money comes from private businesses—clothes factories, restaurants, garages. There's a massive Conservative majority here, a lot of people want to keep Southgate British and white—I suspect, and only suspect, that there are National Front supporters not far from this vicarage. But there's no Sloane Ranger element, accents aren't important because so

many residents have come from humble origins. The architecture is flat; the church is thought to be superb, but it's dull Victorian.

"I escaped from the suburbs—to Cambridge and so on—and I've returned to childhood echoes, but with a difference. I've changed and so has suburbia. It's more cosmopolitan, there are hidden talents, a whole underestimated suburban culture. There are things that worry me: people don't meet much, I feel there is a great deal of loneliness behind those polished front-door knockers. There aren't many of the world's famous in Southgate, but there must be a few mini-stars. I've spent a long time trying to analyse suburban life and I haven't got there yet."

Rabbi Elmer, at the High Street Synagogue, is pastoral leader of the 7,000 Southgate Jews. "They are professional people; in the rag-trade, taxi-drivers, staunchly Conservative with a slight leakage to the SDP," he says. "Southgate is what we joke about as part of the North West Passage: from Russia, the ghettos of Warsaw, Nazi-Germany, people came and settled in the East End, but always pushing out—to Golders Green, Hendon, Edgware, the farther out you came the more successful you were. All in three generations or less.

"Southgate is a suburb with all its implications: staid, keep-your-nose-clean virtues, for law and order, not for punks with nose-rings. Not bad values, but not innovative. It is typically English; no one says, 'We don't want Jews in Southgate,' the anti-Semitism is covert, not overt. We're perceived as different, not quite English, a Jew can never really be an English gentleman.

"I suppose it is difficult to be a Jew; basically Jews want to be part of the society they've come to, but . . . well, the shadow of the holocaust is weaker in Southgate than in Jerusalem."

Is the Rabbi saying that memories are short or that Judaism is flabby in

the Promised Land of Southgate? Perhaps, when all is said and done, suburbs generate only pale emotions. With one exception, Dorothy Nye, no one has actually declared a love for Southgate. But neither has anyone said he loathes the place. There is a kind of self-perpetuating ordinariness that is, in itself, fascinating. Almost the worst that can happen, one feels, is that the train will be late or that Sunday dinner will spoil.

**"I've accepted that I'm typically suburban. I'm conformist and a joiner, stable, conservative with a small 'c', Liberal with a big 'L'."**

**SALLY ROSS**

Sally Ross asks in the parish magazine, *The Spire*: "Why this apathy? People aren't dying or watching their children die from lack of clean drinking water in the select streets of Southgate . . . most of it is inward looking, concerned with ourselves and our own enjoyment . . ."

Sally is 32, and lives in The Mall with her husband, Malcolm, a press officer with the Post Office, and sons of four and five. They have been here seven years. Their friends are teachers, civil servants, professionals, mostly financially careful. The Rosses' Edwardian semi is worth £90,000. "Christ Church is the pivot of our community life," says Sally. "It's always full, but a large proportion attend because it would be noticed if they weren't there. There's more of a struggle here than is apparent, the mortgage struggle. And it's more real than trendy Hampstead. Most of the mothers you see collecting the kids from school have degrees—but we're out of focus, a guilty conscience is anaesthetized in Southgate.

"I've come to terms. I've downgraded my ambitions. I don't like net curtains and I'm not on Valium, but I've accepted that I am typically suburban. I'm conformist and a joiner,

A villa in Southgate cost £750 in 1933. Today the price of the same house is £90,000. But the suburban calm of Fox Lane, above left, and the leafy mock Tudor where Meadway and Ridgeway meet, above, suggest that little else has changed in the past half century.

stable, conservative with a small 'c'. Liberal with a big 'L'. I am nosy and inquisitive; there's a good intelligence network at the school gates which I enjoy. We're property-conscious, reasonably supportive, non-vicious. I don't think there's much wife-swapping and lots of us would go along with the notion that the Falklands War was about two bald men fighting over a comb. I think we're pretty sane, and we like each other."

Sally is not the only declared suburbanite. Despite her fame, the poet Stevie Smith could not bring herself to leave her terraced house in the neighbouring parish of St John's in Palmers Green. Yet even she began to weary of the influx of newcomers, as she wrote in *Suburb*:

"Round about the streets I slink  
Suburbs are not so bad I think  
When their inhabitants cannot be seen  
Even Palmers Green."

There is nothing wrong with suburbia, she was saying, it is just the people who are sometimes hard to swallow. In her early days she saw machines move in to construct housing estates on a green and pleasant landscape; she witnessed the *art nouveau* of the concrete mixer. Things got a bit out of hand, a little too fancy, too precious for her taste.

Outside Ye Olde Cherry Tree there are striped Löwenbrau umbrellas and a sign reading: "No leather jackets, crash helmets, dirty overalls, dogs". Inside there is a matching olde worlde quaintness and they offer French-bread sandwiches tastefully decorated with lettuce, cucumber and tomato. These sandwiches, ornately assembled, built like Hadrian's Wall, are also hard to swallow.

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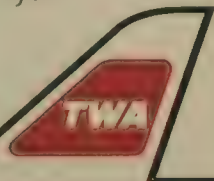
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# Not so mad in March

by Anthony Masters

So little is known about the harmless common hare that it is a subject more for folklore than of fact. Now, thanks to the painstaking researches of an amateur naturalist, some of the myths have been exploded.



Late on a winter's afternoon the light fades as we sweep the Somerset hillside with binoculars and a high-powered astronomical telescope. For an hour—nothing. Then Holley nudges me and there, like a scrap of rag in the shadowy twilight is Bolingbroke. The chestnut hare lies in its form—a depression in the grass—ears flattened, its eyes with their black pupils and orange irises looking as mad as those of a March hare.

"They are very special animals," Holley tells me, "I've got to know them so well that I can recognize each one in the telescope immediately. Maybe the hare I knew best was Camelia, but she's dead now."

Tony Holley is an extraordinary man. Disabled from childhood by a wasting muscular disease, he walks with difficulty in calipers. Highly articulate and something of a recluse, Holley has studied wildlife ever since his condition prevented him from playing games at school.

As a naturalist, Holley is completely self-taught. Immersed in his subject, he has learnt more about the hare's behaviour than any expert has had the time or tenacity to find out. "Many legends have grown up about hares," he says. "But I've found that some of them are far from accurate." He has recently published a paper on the subject of the Mad March Hare with the evolutionary ecologist Dr Paul Greenwood of Durham University.

Holley works as a solicitor but all his free time is spent watching the animals he loves. He has a specially adapted

observatory at his cottage, giving him a perfect view of the surrounding countryside.

The pastures stretching out before us have little cover. Yet hares have no burrows and their young, born fully-coated and sighted, lie out in a shallow form, exposed to predators. Luckily they are also born very active, for although they are at risk for the first few days the fittest can soon outrun foxes and dogs and marauders from the air such as magpies and crows. In mountainous areas they can even escape the clutching claws of eagles.

The young leverets also evade their enemies by simply lying motionless in the grass. "They just melt into the landscape, camouflaged by their chestnut colour and by their stillness," Holley explains. The doe, sometimes called a jill, will not return to feed them until an hour after sunset. Until then these reclusive animals are on their own in the open. The jill, well aware of their exposed position, will drink their urine to eliminate any tell-tale scent. Apart from this visit she leaves the young alone, for her presence merely increases their danger. She normally has two or three leverets in each of three or four litters during the season.

"There's another danger to leverets," says Holley. "Children who find them during the first few days after birth often think they've been abandoned and take them home, causing anguish to the returning jill and a hopeless future for the leverets unless they are taken back immediately."

Holley adjusts his telescope, attach-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY HOLLEY



**The mating game: Camelia, whose paw is injured, above, lunges at Cadet. Left, the positions are reversed. Opposite, Cadet enjoys his early morning grooming.**

The hares' mystic circles have long been part of our folklore. Jacks can be seen at twilight, squatting upright, motionless in a ring around a jill. "This often happens when the female is close to oestrus. Then one of the jacks will cross an invisible line—to be chased back by the lord of the ring. Sometimes—it's quite spectacular—the circle breaks up into a high-speed multiple chase in which all the jacks chase the jill, leap-frogging over each other."

When she is not receptive, the jill will stand no nonsense from the jack. She is larger than he is, and when she rears up on her hind legs, to start a boxing bout, the jack usually backs off. This boxing was once thought to be between the males, but Holley has conclusively disproved this.

He tries to be unsentimental about his hares, but Camelia was an exception. "I could see in the telescope that she had injured her left forepaw so badly she could hardly put it to the ground—still less bear the weight of a jack. The jacks were completely bewildered, not understanding why they could not approach her in season. In desperation she boxed them, holding them at bay. Then she was attacked by a dog and my wife, Sandra, went out to rescue her. She was terrified by us, but we simply couldn't leave her at the mercy of every predator. We took her to the vet who said she had a bone-

marrow inflammation and he was about to amputate when she died. We felt bereaved—it was like the death of an old friend."

Fortunately the Somerset pastures are still partly hedged and have not become the great rolling prairies of the new agriculture. But a combination of changed agricultural practices, colder springs and increased predation have halved the hare population across the country in 20 years. It is a great tragedy. This beautiful animal is vegetarian, enjoying grass and wild plants, and it does little damage.

Says Holley: "We can't put the clock back and it's doubtful whether the hare population will ever be as high as it was 20 years ago. Fortunately, though, I believe the tide is turning against heavily subsidized agricultural monoculture. There's hope that farmers will retain remaining hedgerows, coppices and small fields, in which case we are unlikely to lose the hare. But most of all I would like to see hare-coursing outlawed. It's not sport—it's butchery."

It is almost dark now, and as we scan the pastures a scurry of movement can be seen in the tussocky grass. In the sudden glare of a headlight we see a hare crouching, still and almost invisible in the fading light, with its protruding eyes seeing all around—even behind. My eyes are beginning to hurt as I try to pick out the dim shape, but I know Holley is used to this vigil. Suddenly the hare breaks the shadows and we have a fleeting glimpse of its lithe body. Then, with one acrobatic bound, it has gone ●

ing a camera to the lens so he can photograph as he watches, while dictating notes on to a tape-recorder to keep his daily log up to date. His photographs have appeared in wildlife magazines and one of them has served as a symbol for a Friends of the Earth poster. Then we see a hare bounding across the pastures in enormous crazy leaps, almost tumbling over itself as it runs.

"It was the mad March hare story that stuck in my mind," says Holley, "so I decided to investigate it." He discovered that the hares were not mad at all but merely indulging in a highly athletic sex life. "Male hares, or jacks, are at the peak of their sexual activity between February and June, but they are probably seen most often by the casual observer in March when the

days are lengthening, the grass is short and the masking livestock are still inside." The highly promiscuous jacks spend much of their time prospecting for jills. There is no mate fidelity and as the jills are receptive for only a short period the jacks have to compete and be fast movers, too. "Experience is what counts, which shows intelligence rather than madness," says Holley. Subordinate jacks will guard the jill for a week or more before she is ready to mate, only to be supplanted in the last few days by a dominant jack who takes over the waiting game. "Another reason for the hare's reputation for madness is the jack's single-mindedness," says Holley. "He becomes so absorbed with the jill's scent, he even disregards the presence of humans."

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# REVOLUTION IN THE CITY

by David Phillips

There is talk of revolution in the City as the big institutions break down the traditional demarcation lines and aggravate the current confusion in the financial world. Our money man reports on what's going on in the Square Mile.

MARCH 85

Whether you look from the top of the Clapham omnibus, or from a taxi stuck in a traffic jam in Threadneedle Street, the current financial scene is one of unprecedented confusion.

To take the outlook in Clapham first: the high-street bank is offering mortgages, and the building society a few doors down is putting in a bid to supply its depositors (many of whom it lured away from the bank in the first place) with cheque books, as well as seeking to offer its borrowers unsecured loans; the building society also wants to get into conveyancing, estate agency and insurance broking. But it had better look sharp, because the bank already owns a chain of estate agents and has long since dealt in insurance.

Both the bank and the building society will be faced with a new kind of competitor if an American idea, already being pioneered in this country by Debenhams, the department store chain, in conjunction with Hill Samuel Life takes hold: that of retail shops providing financial advice and services to customers on such matters as, once again, estate agency, mortgages and insurance.

Even merchant banks are out to catch the bus passenger's eye with their publicity for current accounts that pay high interest and allow cash withdrawals without charge. And if you can get permanent health insurance and advice on the tax implications of divorce along with your mortgage, why not let your life assurance company sort out your capital transfer tax for you—that is if your bank has not already done so?

The man in the Clapham omnibus may well have concluded that everyone in the financial world is trying to get into everyone else's line of business. And perhaps he is right. But he sees only the retail operations. What about the wholesale side, the side that is largely the concern of the City of London?

Of course, it is also his concern: he subscribes to a pension fund, for one thing, and not only is that fund invested through the City, but it and other pension funds and comparable "institutions" have, along with inflation and the general hotting up of competition, been among the prime causes of the enormous changes which have taken place, particularly in the last 20 years or so, not only in the high street but in the centre of the financial world, the City of London itself.

If anything, the breaking down of demarcation lines between one kind of City institution and another, and the blurring of distinctions between functions and operations, have been even

more pronounced in the City than in the suburban or provincial high street. There is an important reason for this. Thanks largely to the rise of the London Eurodollar market in the 1960s, the City has achieved in the last two decades a power and prestige in the international financial scene comparable with its 19th-century pre-eminence in international trade.

This new or at least enhanced international role has in turn brought great competitive pressures to bear, which, added to pressures of the kind operating in the domestic financial markets, have accelerated the City's normal processes of evolutionary change to a momentum that causes even the most senior and sober of bankers and brokers to talk of revolution.

Those same City bankers and brokers, however, if you ask them to

has not only been fixed in advance but openly proclaimed; and the Government itself has ushered the revolution in, although without necessarily realizing the full consequences of its action.

The key date is 1978, when the rules and regulations by which the Stock Exchange conducts its business were referred to the Restrictive Practices Court. After five years of legal and procedural argument during which, it is said, over a million documents were made available to the Court and costs ran into seven figures, a deal was struck between the chairman of the Stock Exchange, Sir Nicholas Goodison, and the then Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, Cecil Parkinson.

The minister in effect exempted the Stock Exchange from the provisions of the Restrictive Practices Act, but in turn the Stock Exchange agreed to

**"The reason that dual capacity has to come with negotiated commission is that brokers will want to add to their commission income by taking positions as well."**

explain why and how the latest revolution is so important, dwell far less on the large historical causes of inflation, the rise of the institutional investor, and the growth of international competition, than they do on two highly technical developments.

Not many of us, perhaps, would be eager to storm the barricades with the cry "Long live dual capacity!" on our lips; and there must be more convincing ways of starting a revolution than with the slogan "Down with fixed commissions on stockbroking deals!" Oddly, too, the date of the revolution

abandon its traditional system of fixed commissions on deals in securities. Those who are willing to look for and find farsightedness in the actions of ministers say that the Government wanted to see the City taking the lead in the international securities market as it has done in international insurance, banking and dealing in currencies, and saw that what as much as anything was holding up the City's advance on this front was the system known as "single capacity".

But what is "single capacity", and how is it linked with fixed com-

missions? And why should the seeing out of these apparently merely technical features of stock market operations have such far-reaching consequences?

In these numbered, pre-revolutionary days of 1985, the London Stock Exchange is still the only one in the world whose members are divided into two categories, those of brokers on the one hand, and jobbers on the other.

The jobbers may trade in securities only as principals, which is to say they hold securities on their own account. In the City phrase, they are "market makers", and they make money by quoting two prices, a higher price at which they will sell shares and a lower one at which they will buy, and by trying to arrange their holding, or "book" as it is known, without incurring a loss, just as any other wholesaler disposes his stock. The jobber is not allowed to deal directly with the general public, this being the function or "capacity" of the broker.

Brokers act simply as agents, carrying out their clients' orders and making their money by charging the client a commission on each transaction. Brokers do not "make a book", are not usually allowed to deal directly with one another, but place their orders only with jobbers.

If some features of this system look to outsiders like restrictive practices, City people point out that the Stock Exchange—like many institutions in the City—is "self-regulated" (abides by its own rules, in other words), and rules usually entail restrictions of one kind or another. The particular distinction between jobbers and brokers exemplifies a separation of functions that is fundamental to a great deal of City activity—into principals and agents.

In the Stock Exchange's case these separate functions have come to be known as "single capacities", and one of the main purposes in keeping them apart has been to protect the client. The man he deals with, the broker, is not selling securities that he himself owns, so that his advice (whether sound or not) is always impartial, and he acts exclusively in what he understands to be his client's interests.

For the past 70 years (admittedly not a very long time in comparison with some City traditions) stockbrokers' commissions have been fixed. As from 1986, in accordance with the bargain struck between Sir Nicholas Goodison and Cecil Parkinson, they will be negotiable. The immediate implications that this change has for "single capacity" were spelt out for me by Dundas Hamilton, senior partner in the stockbroking firm of Fielding, Newson-Smith & Co and author ➤➤

# REVOLUTION IN THE CITY

of a book on stockbroking as well as of a number of plays and a novel.

"When the minimum commission is abolished and negotiated commissions come in, I will find that I'm not able to make enough money to keep my business viable simply by buying and selling securities for my clients. If commissions are at negotiated levels, they're going to be pretty small.

"Suppose, for example, that I get an order from a large client who wants to sell a million shares. What I want to do, of course, is to get the buying order as well, so that I can charge commission both on the selling and the buying. But perhaps I have buyers for 800,000, and I can't find a buyer for the other 200,000. What do I do? I take it on my own book as a principal. I'm then encroaching upon the preserve of the jobber, although I'm still supposedly an agent.

"So the reason that dual capacity has to come with negotiated commissions is that brokers will want to add to their commission income by taking positions as well. And once the brokers are effectively jobbing in

shares, then the jobbers want to be able to go to the public."

Momentous as this breaking down of the separation of capacities—of the barriers, that is, between principals and agents—may seem to the people immediately concerned, does it really amount to a revolution or even to any development that might interest the world beyond Threadneedle Street? The answer to this question is given by Richard Lloyd, deputy chairman and chief executive of merchant bankers Hill Samuel & Co. whose rise to eminence has been inexorable ever since he was a captain in the Black Watch at the

city as well—that of underwriting (or effectively guaranteeing the issue of) securities. This activity hitherto has been the natural preserve of the investment bank or merchant bank.

"So we are inevitably going to see a merging of these three functions of issuer, jobber and broker into a vertically integrated investment bank. The merchant banks themselves at present lack the ability to distribute the securities which they originate and issue for clients, so they need the broker for distribution."

How is the City responding to these changes? There were already a number

representative offices, branches or subsidiaries of more than 450 foreign banks.

But what is alarming to some of the older City hands, more used as they are to evolution rather than revolution, is the potential for conflict of interests within the confines of the kind of giant, single financial conglomerate on the American model, which is likely to be the dominant form of institution in the City of the future.

As the old demarcation lines crumble and traditional distinctions either disappear altogether or become hopelessly blurred, new barriers will have to be erected to keep intact the interests of clients, barriers which it is now fashionable in the City to refer to as "Chinese walls".

"If you have a single organization," says Dundas Hamilton, "which is the banker to a company, the financial adviser through its merchant banking arm to that company, owns the market-maker who makes markets in the company's shares, owns a broker who advises clients on that company, and owns discretionary fund management (somebody, that is, who manages funds without reference to the client at all), then unless there are pretty big and well-built Chinese walls between departments, you could get a lot of conflicts.

"I mean, for instance, that the broker could recommend a company's shares because he knows, going through the chain to the banker, that the company is doing particularly well—because the banks always know

**"The completely integrated houses . . . will be best placed to win the race. I'm not convinced that partly owned ventures, where the parent interest is more distant, will be so successful."**

unusually early age of 20.

"Brokers made it pretty clear at the end of 1983 that they would seek to enter dual capacity and acquire capital to allow themselves to do so. So they started to look for the marriages (which we've already seen) with those very much larger concerns that had capital, including major foreign banks and a number of British clearing banks and merchant banks.

"And once they have acquired capital in this way (and the final injections of capital will be made at the end of 1986), it will be perfectly open to them to carry out a third function or capa-

of factors at work, especially international competition, that had been pushing the City into the same kind of system that other major financial centres, notably New York, have had for a number of years.

As early as the middle 1960s, the market in bank deposits held outside the country of origin of the currency in question, in dollar deposits, for example, held outside the United States—the so-called Eurocurrency market—set in motion a series of far-reaching changes in the international banking scene, not least of which was the arrival in the Square Mile of rep-

## A key to the City

The City of London occupies slightly more than 1 square mile at the centre of Greater London and it is within this area, where Roman London developed nearly 2,000 years ago, that the City's financial institutions and markets operate.

**Bank of England.** Founded in 1694, the Bank manages the National Debt, acts as the Government's bank and holds accounts for other banks. It also manages the Exchange Equalization Account (the fund in which the gold and currency reserves of the country are held), implements the United Kingdom's monetary system, issues notes and coins and manages money on an international scale.

**Clearing banks.** The six members of the Committee of London Clearing Banks are Barclays, Coutts & Co, Lloyds, Midland, National Westminster and Williams & Glyn's. They own and control the Bankers Clearing House which administers and runs the transfer of payments within the British banking system.

**Merchant banks.** These raise capital for industry, advise large companies, operate in trade and project finance and exchange-rate dealings.

**British overseas banks.** With head offices in the City, they work in Commonwealth and other countries where they provide services for British com-



munities. They are specialists in the finance of foreign trade, foreign exchange and the Eurocurrency market.

**Foreign banks.** Initially concerned with their own nationals' interests in London, they are now very active in the Eurocurrency markets (which deal in major currencies such as the dollar, the Deutsche Mark and the yen, held outside the countries of origin, by banks, corporations or individuals).

**Discount houses.** These specialize in discounting bills of exchange (a form of post-dated cheque), Treasury bills, etc, as well as dealing in short-dated



Left, The Monument, built in 1671 to commemorate the Great Fire, is a City landmark now dwarfed by the NatWest Tower. They are visible, above, from across the Thames near London Bridge.

government bonds.

**Finance houses.** The bulk of the UK's hire-purchase business is run by finance houses, some of which are partly owned by the clearing banks.

**Building societies.** Savings banks which specialize in loans for house purchase, they are supervised by the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies.

**Investment and Unit Trusts.** Investment trusts are companies with fixed capital which invest money in a variety of stocks and shares, thus spreading the

risks. Unit trusts do not have fixed capital and can create or redeem units in response to demand.

**Insurance companies.** In addition to underwriting risks they manage pension funds and are trustees of unit trusts. Specialized brokers secure insurance business and place it with recognized underwriters.

**Lloyd's of London.** An incorporated society of private insurers; members of the public may not deal directly with Lloyd's underwriters but must use a specially accredited insurance broker. Lloyd's is also the world centre of shipping intelligence.

**The Stock Exchange.** The marketplace where shares in companies can be bought and sold, the market through

how the company is doing on the whole."

Dundas Hamilton's own view is that the people concerned are so conscious of the possible conflicts that they will go to the opposite extreme in ensuring strict security between different departments. Richard Lloyd insists that the construction of Chinese walls will be necessary, but says that for any reputable firm to keep its business, it will have to be seen by its clients and therefore it will be seen by its clients to construct the right Chinese walls. "It will be a matter of self-interest," he says.

Richard Lloyd also has a clear idea of the kind of firm which is going to emerge in the lead when the dust has settled after the spate of mergers, many of which took place in 1984. This was the time when American banks, British clearing banks and merchant banks, and new, American-style financial conglomerates like Mercantile House bought substantial holdings in stockbroking and stockjobbing firms and forged even wider alliances, either with other merchant banks or with discount houses (the City's oldest money market).

"In the process of change," says Lloyd, "London will throw up a few successful leading firms which can match competition from America and Japan on an international scale. They'll have to be very well managed and very well capitalized."

"In my view, the completely integrated houses, of which there are already about five emerging, will be

best placed to win the race. I'm not convinced that partly owned ventures, where the parent interest is more distant, will be so successful."

Like many participants in the current phase of change in the City, Richard Lloyd is impressed by similar changes that took place in the United States when their structure of fixed minimum commissions was abolished in 1975, here again a technical change probably accelerating processes that were already under way as a result of more general competitive pressures.

On the New York Stock Exchange commissions dropped, dramatically on

than advisers to companies. The trading function seems to end up as being predominant.

"In the fully integrated firm, the new breed of underwriter/dealer/broker can play a part in top management, and not simply at the level of a subsidiary activity. The management structure of the leading firms in future will be as relevant to their success as their ownership structure, and what will be important, of course, will be their ability to manage change."

With New York and Tokyo, in particular, becoming so financially powerful, how will the City hold its own in

**"In the fully integrated firm, the new breed of underwriter/dealer/broker can play a part in top management, and not simply at the level of a subsidiary activity."**

transactions by institutions, but not so much on those of private individuals; the number of brokers fell, but big broking firms increased their market share. Profits in dealing and underwriting became more important for these firms than the revenue they earned from straight commissions. More individual investors came into the market, however, although large deals accounted for a bigger than ever slice of total dealings in securities.

"Very often," says Richard Lloyd, "the people who emerge at the top of the new financial houses in the United States are traders in securities, rather

the age of American financial conglomerates and Japanese securities giants, each with a market capitalization running into the equivalent of several billion pounds?

Dundas Hamilton thinks that the City will probably benefit ultimately from what happens in New York and Tokyo, for three reasons. The first, which admittedly will tend to diminish in importance as deals can be put through 24 hours a day to and from anywhere in the world by means of satellite-linked television screens, is London's unique position in the world's time zones.

"If I get into my office reasonably early," says Dundas Hamilton, "and leave reasonably late, I'm here at the time the markets are open in every major centre of the world from Tokyo on the one side to the United States on the other. We have the biggest trading part of the day. If you're in New York or in Tokyo, you're cut off for part of the day, unless you work through the night."

"The second thing is that we have the English language, the world's financial language; and especially important is that we have English law. It's the most easily understood law, and it functions best internationally—it works, for example, for all the major international shipping disputes."

"And finally, the third thing is that within the City we have a wide group of major international markets that in the securities industry spills over into insurance and banking and foreign exchange and everything else; and having them all in that terribly small Square Mile, in close contact with one another, is an extremely good thing."

Dundas Hamilton thinks that the bulk of international investment will become centred on the City of London, so that international investors in Los Angeles, New York, or wherever they may be will actually have their operating office in the City of London. "Some of the big American houses already manage their major international investment operations out of the City of London, and that activity will actually increase over the years." ●



REX FEATURES



Left, sale of Jaguar Cars stock at the Stock Exchange; above, the Bank of England, Stock Exchange and Royal Exchange, the hub of the City. Right, boardroom meeting at Hambros, a leading merchant bank.

trades in grain, edible oils, oil seeds and potatoes.

**The London Commodity Exchange.** The centre of markets trading in commodities such as tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, non-ferrous metals. It is managed by representatives who are drawn from each of the respective Commodity Associations.

**The London Metal Exchange.** An institution unique to Britain which trades internationally in copper, zinc, lead,



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tin, aluminium, nickel and silver. The quality of metal traded has to conform to a standard laid down by the Committee of the Exchange.

For more information see *Inside the City* by William M. Clarke (Allen & Unwin), *What goes on in the City?* by Nicholas Ritchie (Woodhead Faulkner with Lloyds Bank), or contact City Communications Centre, 14 Austin Friars, EC2N 2HE (01-628 8522).

## Glossary

**Dealer.** A trader in securities, commodities, or foreign exchange.

**Institutions, institutional investors.** Pension funds, life assurance companies, investment trusts, unit trusts.

**International securities.** Usually bonds issued by governments or large corporations in a stated currency but outside the country of origin of that currency.

**Money markets.** Markets in which banks and other financial institutions lend and borrow from one another.

**Position.** Market commitment of an investor in securities.

**Securities.** A general word for stocks, shares, bonds or any entitlement to money or other assets.

**Trader.** Another word for dealer.

**Underwriter.** A person or institution guaranteeing the funds to the issuing company at the time of an issue of securities; the underwriter, in other words, will himself take up any securities not bought by the public.

# Signposts to the City

- St Paul's Cathedral
- Blackfriars Bridge
- Old Bailey
- Guildhall
- Barbican
- Mansion House
- Southwark Bridge
- Royal Exchange
- Bank of England
- Cannon Street Railway Bridge
- Stock Exchange
- Monument
- NatWest Tower
- London Bridge
- Lloyd's of London
- Liverpool Street Station
- Old Billingsgate Market
- Balfic Exchange
- London Commodity Exchange
- Custom House
- Fenchurch Street Station
- Port of London Authority
- All Hallows Barking
- Tower of London
- HMS Belfast



Above, the City of London's coat of arms; right, aerial view of the Square Mile up to its eastern limits between the Tower and Liverpool Street Station.

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through a 5 speed gearbox, sweeps you past 60 mph from rest in under 10 seconds. And on to a comfortable 115 mph, where the law allows.

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# Tomorrow to fresh fields and pipelines new

by Carol Kennedy

BP, Britain's largest industrial company, has 1,900 subsidiaries covering interests as diverse as detergents and fish farming. Oil is still the heart of its business, but there are many new ideas in the pipeline.

Oil is the world's biggest and most volatile industry, and the seven great Western companies that dominate it—five of them American, as befits the country that pioneered oil's discovery—tread a unique tightrope on which the free play of commerce is always liable to be pushed off balance by politics. British Petroleum, which began life in 1909 as the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, was the first of the oil majors to open up a rich Middle East reserves, and the first to come up against the politics of oil when its key Abadan operation was nationalized by Iran in 1951.

It is far and away Britain's biggest industrial company, fifth largest in the Western world, with a turnover of more than £32 billion in 1983 and some 1,900 subsidiaries around the globe employing more than 120,000 people. British governments have had a stake in it since its beginnings, and it has occasionally found itself sharply exposed through political issues, notably the accusations of sanctions-busting during Rhodesian UDI, but it has never been more "business-driven" than today. It is the most diversified of all the "seven sisters", with interests ranging from nutrition to telecommunications, and a separate research company charged with finding the profitable businesses of the future—specifically, the industry of the 21st century that will rank in importance with oil today.

Since 1973, when the first Arab "oil shock" quadrupled prices in two



Sir Peter Walters, chairman of BP.

months and cut back production, changing the world's economic balance and upending the growth assumptions of industrialized society, the ruling oil companies—BP, Exxon (Esso), Shell, Mobil, Texaco, Socal (Chevron) and Gulf—have had to rethink their entire philosophy.

"It took the second oil crisis of 1979 for many companies to realize that things had changed permanently," says James Ross, head of BP's corporate planning. "Now we see that the two in combination have fundamentally changed the world, changed expectations, changed demand for oil products."

In 1981 to 82 demand plummeted. About a quarter of the market in

OECD (Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development) countries disappeared, leaving the oil companies heavily over-committed in assets like refineries, trucks, ships, petrol stations—and in people. BP lost about £600 million in Europe during 1982. Every oil company rushed to reduce its costs, but BP moved with a speed its competitors found remarkable. By late 1981, when Sir Peter Walters became BP's youngest-ever chairman at the age of 51, a whole new restructuring programme was ready.

From being a monolithic, vertically integrated company with two principal activities—"upstream" exploration and production and "downstream" refining and marketing—BP had been spawned by product departments like chemicals and gas. BP turned swiftly into an association of 11 separate businesses, each with its own chief executive, performance targets and autonomy to sell or buy on the free market, whether inside or outside BP.

The finding, refining and selling of oil remained at the heart of Britannic House, the group's imposing skyscraper headquarters in Moorgate with its name so redolent of the imperial past (a detachment of soldiers from India was once dispatched to Persia to guard its production of crude for the Royal Navy); but now "upstream" and "downstream", like gas, coal, minerals, chemicals, nutrition, shipping and a couple of new technology companies, stood on their own business feet. All were henceforth to be

based on commercial assumptions different from anything in BP's previous history.

That, for about 60 years, had been expansionist, territorial, investment-led in character; confident of the simple equation of finding oil, digging it out of the ground and processing it for an ever-growing queue of consumers. The founder of Anglo-Persian Oil (it became Anglo-Iranian Oil in 1935 and British Petroleum in 1954) was a flamboyant entrepreneur named William Knox D'Arcy, who had made a fortune in the Australian gold rush. In 1901 he was living in opulent retirement in Mayfair when he heard of a report of large potential oil reserves in Persia. It was the year of the great Spindletop discovery in Pennsylvania which put the American oil industry



into high gear. D'Arcy dispatched two envoys to negotiate concessions with the Grand Vizier in Tehran: against hard competition from Russia they secured 480,000 square miles, nearly twice the size of Texas, for a mere £20,000 in cash, plus 20,000 £1 shares in the company and 16 per cent of its eventual net profits.

The first drillings were a dry disappointment, and after three years D'Arcy had spent more than £200,000 without results. He approached Burnah Oil, already a rich and successful company under the chairmanship of Lord Strathcona, who had financed the Canadian Pacific Railway, and persuaded it to put up further capital for exploration. In May, 1908, the drilling team under self-taught geologist George Reynolds struck the

gusher. The great Middle Eastern bonanza was under way.

A year later Burnah and D'Arcy formed the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Burnah was the largest shareholder, though D'Arcy became a paper millionaire. Burnah's stake in BP was to succour it in later years when its own Burmese oil reserves ran out, but in 1974, when the company crashed to financial disaster, its 20 per cent BP holding was taken over by the Bank of England.

A 130 mile pipeline, the first in the Middle East, was built to ship the new company's oil to Abadan for refining. But already, as the shadows gathered over Europe in 1914, the fledgling oil industry was becoming a political pawn. Shortly before the outbreak of the First World War Winston Churchill



Ancient and modern: The gusher and wooden derrick of the Number 1 well, above, in Masjed-i-Sulaiman, Persia, where the discovery of oil in 1908 led to the foundation of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company (subsequently named BP) a year later. Left, production platform with accommodation vessel *Polycaste* beside it in BP's Magnus offshore oil field north-east of Shetland.

chill urged the British government to buy a controlling interest in Anglo-Persian. In June, 1914, he warned Parliament that otherwise Shell and Standard Oil might use their power over buyers—including the Government—to force prices up. Much of the Royal Navy was still coal-burning, but ships were rapidly being converted to oil.

The Admiralty agreed to pay £2 million for a 51 per cent interest, in return for the company remaining an independent British concern, with every director a British subject. Two of these directors would be appointed by the government and have the right of veto on foreign or military policy.

The Navy got a good bargain, the terms of which were disclosed only half a century later. It paid 30 shillings (£1.50 a ton exclusive of freight, and was able to claim a rebate of 10 shillings (50p) a ton depending on the company's surplus profits. In 1923 Stanley Baldwin's Conservative government considered selling its stake back to Burnah, but the succeeding Labour administration of Ramsay MacDonald decided to hold on. BP has remained partially national-owned ever since, although today the public stake is only 32 per cent and there are more than 250,000 shareholders.

The Achilles heel of the company was its dependence on one country, Iran, as a source. Sooner or later it was bound to provoke some nationalist action, and in 1951 the crisis duly broke. Dr Mossadeq, the eccentric and emotional Iranian Prime Minister, called for nationalization of BP's assets. Parliament hotly debated whether Britain should intervene mili-

tarly but, unlike the Suez crisis five years later, nothing happened. BP and its rivals opened up deposits elsewhere, chiefly in Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, but the seizure of Abadan was a warning signal.

Yet in the 1950s, when most of today's senior BP executives joined the company, it was still imperial-minded in many ways and run by people who would have been equally at home in the services or the Foreign Office. Basil Butler, managing director of BP Exploration, who joined the company in Kuwait 27 years ago, says it was "like an extension of the British Raj". Many managerial staff then sported naval, air force or military ranks on their office doors, "until one day someone put up a sign saying Able Seaman Smith, and that put a stop to it".

In 1954 Anglo-Iranian became British Petroleum, the name of a marketing subsidiary it had acquired in 1917. The loss of two-thirds of its production and refining capacity in Iran, along with growing instability in the Middle East, contributed to a fundamental shift of operations westwards, culminating in its great North Sea and Alaskan discoveries of the 1970s. It is now exploring and producing in 29 countries around the world, including a big operation in the South China Sea. BP and Shell were jointly responsible for the first production of Nigerian crude in 1958.

"Volume push" was then the watchword of the oil business: producer countries saw their revenue rising through increasing production rather than increasing prices. In due course, with a worldwide glut of oil, prices fell and the result was the formation of a body destined to govern the economic fate of nations—the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC).

In the booming 1960s, however, nobody suspected how powerful OPEC would become. Exploration neared a head and BP's tanker fleet, like those of other companies, expanded in the wake of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war.

# Tomorrow to fresh fields and pipelines new

war, when closure of the Suez Canal encouraged the building of giant carriers to transport oil by the longer Cape route to Europe. With a surplus of oil, petrochemicals became an important part of BP, and in 1967 it acquired the Distillers Company's chemicals interests, becoming the UK's second largest chemical organization.

The key event of the 1960s was the exploration drive in the North Sea. BP was the first company to locate gas in British waters, in 1965. Five years later, a year ahead of Shell and Exxon with their Brent field, it discovered the 2-billion-barrel Forties field 110 miles north-east of Aberdeen, the UK's first major commercial oil find and one which transformed the country's economic prospects. Forties production reached a peak in 1981 and BP sold off 12.5 per cent of its holding in a tax-minimizing move two years later, but the deep-water Magnus field north of Shetland, a quarter the size of Forties, was inaugurated by Margaret Thatcher in 1983.

About 18 months before its Forties strike, BP had found oil in Alaska's Prudhoe Bay after 10 years' search. It signed an agreement with Standard Oil of Ohio (Sohio) to develop it, in return for an initial 25 per cent of Sohio's equity, a stake which has since grown to 55 per cent. Sohio is now the biggest single contributor to group profits, which totalled £2.6 billion pre-tax in 1983 and were expected to rise by another £1 billion in 1984.

The early 1970s saw an outbreak of nationalist activity among Arab oil-producing countries. Libya nationalized the BP operation there in 1971. In 1973 OPEC decided to set its own prices instead of negotiating with the oil companies, and the Arab embargo over the Yom Kippur war with Israel caused a world shortage. From 234 million tonnes in 1972, BP's sales fell to 172 million tonnes in 1977. Further blows followed: the Iranian revolution, nationalization of BP assets in Nigeria and a cutback in Kuwait supplies. By 1980 BP sales were down to 149 million tonnes.

"The world suddenly switched off oil," said David Simon, managing director of BP Oil International, the company that has seen the most dramatic turnaround within the BP group, from operating losses of £86 million in 1981 to profits of £205 million in 1983. "We had to restructure the whole of the system, refineries, terminals, tankers, vehicles and people—costs that would never be paid for again." (In BP and Sohio, employees were cut by 27,000, about 18 per cent, and refining capacity in Europe alone was reduced by 40 per cent.)

"The thing that surprises people most is that big companies can change quickly. But it is the market that decides, or should decide, what a

company does. You can't buck it, you're not bigger than the market." But as well as soaking costs out of the system, a "cultural change" was needed in the way BP had looked at its role as a producer and seller of a commodity the whole world wanted.

"Suddenly there may not be a market for your oil, its price tomorrow may be lower than today's, so you have to set up a new system that allows you to buy oil as cheaply as possible. If we couldn't buy oil and resell it with a margin, we didn't bother to buy it. We became highly selective about buying, whether from our group or in the market, and this was a fundamental change in our business." BP now buys half its requirements on the spot market and ranks as its biggest trader, handling a million barrels a day.

The free-market principle was applied across the board as BP was reorganized into its 11 businesses—BP Exploration, BP Oil International, BP Gas, BP Chemicals International, BP Minerals International, BP Coal, BP Shipping, BP Detergents International, BP Nutrition, Scicon International and BP Ventures, the last two representing departures into telecommunications, software and new technology.

It all had a transforming effect on management style. BP has always tended to have a younger senior management than its American competitors and the average age now of its managing directors is the same as that of the chairman, 53.

Sir Peter Walters, in his 31st year with BP, reflects on the changes during his career, using a favourite analogy with military strategy: he admires the Army's ability to inculcate managerial skills and claims what first brought him to the notice of his seniors in BP was his "ability to write a good report"—something he learnt as a National Service lieutenant with the Royal Army Service Corps.

"The manager today has to look much more pointedly at the profitability of each resource than we had to. We were in a sense embryo General Pattons going for long-range targets and going fast. Now it's a more skilful trench war, or siege war . . . it's a narrower, more precise battlefield of commercial and technical advancement." BP has noticeably moved away from recruiting Oxbridge arts graduates to taking on science-based, numerate management material: as James Ross explains, "It's easier to teach commercial skills to technicians than the other way round".

Like John Harvey-Jones at ICI, Sir Peter has broken the mould of the traditional BP chairman. The son of a policeman, a product of state education and Birmingham University, he is a classicist as well as a commerce graduate, with a quietly cerebral but relaxed and open style: he listens and absorbs information but, as a colleague remarked, when he decides, "no one is in any doubt who has made the decision".

When he moved from being manag-



Above, salmon from a fish farm, a peripheral concern run by BP Norway, at Rossland near Bergen. Above right, the Trans-Alaska Pipeline in which BP has had an interest since its discovery of oil in Alaska's Prudhoe Bay in 1969. Far right, a "nodding donkey" or oil pump, at Wytch Farm, Dorset, where BP operates the biggest onshore oilfield in Europe. Right, an all-weather vehicle dynamometer used for tests on fuels and lubricants at the BP Research Centre, Sunbury.

ing director into the chairman's panelled and appropriately Persian-carpeted office on the 31st floor of Britannic House, the new company structure was already in place but Walters introduced a "matrix" system of management, balancing responsibilities between BP's associate companies in different geographical areas, the 11 business streams and head office, which ultimately holds the purse strings. Layers of management were stripped out, eliminating "just about every assistant manager at every level"; board procedures were streamlined; Monday meetings were instituted with the managing directors which carry on through a working sandwich lunch in the chairman's dining-room; and the flow of data from individual businesses was harnessed more efficiently to identify exactly where each is meeting or not meeting its agreed targets.

"There's an unwritten objective which I articulated early on in my chairmanship," said Sir Peter (who will serve 10 years in all), "and that is that every one of our businesses ought in due course to stand the test of writing a prospectus to go public individually—whether or not this actually happens.

The main drive is for a return on capital that is respectable in each of the enterprises in which we're engaged."

A key appointment Sir Peter made to advance this strategy was that of James Ross to head corporate planning. He sees his job as advising the individual companies on BP's overall shape to help them plan their own investment strategies and to provide a view of the business environment in which they must operate.

Each business now has an annual contract with the "investing" centre in which it agrees to pursue targets for return on capital varying from 6 or 7 per cent to 10 to 11 per cent. These targets are still in the process of being debated: those for "upstream", for example, are notoriously hard to define, since the old accepted measurement of oil reserves by barrels has become less relevant as oil prices have fragmented.

The businesses are "beginning to meet their intermediary targets", says Ross, although minerals remain a problem area, coal is relatively depressed and petrochemicals, though breaking even last year, still have underlying problems of over-capacity.



As part of becoming competitive within their own industries, they are even moving towards establishing their own terms and conditions of employment within BP.

The group could diversify further: after its three years' intensive cost-cutting and re-organization it is sitting on what Sir Peter calls a "cash molehill" of £1 billion and recently announced the formation of its own merchant bank to manage its assets. It would not be averse to an acquisition, probably in the United States and in the consumer field: "We need to get closer to the consumer," says Sir Peter.

Then there is the fascinating Ventures unit, set up in 1980 to develop what BP calls "blue skies research"—free-floating innovation, not tied to conventional research and development on the group's products. It is a relatively small operation, with a budget of less than £2 million compared with BP's overall research and development allocation of £160 million, but Don Brabén, the physicist who was brought in to head it, describes his remit as finding "the major industry of the 21st century". This could be in energy, or metal substitutes, or electronics—or a com-

pletely unforeseen breakthrough like the transistor 30 years ago.

Yet the horizons for oil, as Sir Peter points out, are now much wider than they were envisaged before the huge rise in the price of oil made it worthwhile for companies to invest in previously uneconomic explorations. "All of us in the oil industry will be in it 10 or 20 years longer than we thought 10 years ago, and the energy industry as such is almost inexhaustible," says Sir Peter. "As oil diminishes over the next 30 or 40 years, the new technology of other energy uses will come in—whether liquefaction from coal, or liquid hydrogen, or better ways of liquefying gas."

BP's four new gasfield discoveries in the North Sea could provide the energy equivalent of 450 million barrels of oil, but the phasing of development prospects hangs on political decisions as to how British Gas makes its purchasing requirements.

Basil Butler's exploration empire, therefore, which occupies most of a second Moorgate skyscraper known as Britannic West, is likely to remain the engine-room of BP for a long time to come. Group expenditure on this side of the business has risen from £336

million in 1978 to more than £879 million in 1983, excluding Sohio, but "upstream" generated nearly half BP's operating profits that year, £1,096 million. The company has a big programme onshore in the UK as well as in the North Sea, where 70 per cent of its exploration assets are concentrated. It is drilling 60 wells this year in an area stretching from the environmentally controversial Wytch Farm and Studland Peninsula in Dorset through the Midlands to Lincolnshire, Cheshire and Nottinghamshire, and recently acquired rights into Kent, Hampshire and Sussex. Although onshore oil is a drop in the bucket compared with gigantic offshore fields like Forties, it is much cheaper to produce and its contribution in barrels is still considerable. Wytch Farm, in which BP has a half-share as well as being the operator, is the biggest onshore field in Europe and compares with many smaller North Sea fields, producing 4,500 barrels a day. BP hopes to push this up to 40,000 barrels eventually.

Some lesser-known onshore fields have mysteriously flouted the rule of thumb that oilfields take 10 years to develop, have five years at peak production and then decline for 20 or 25 years. Some around the world have been producing since 1915, and a small BP field at Kimmeridge Bay in Dorset has been pumping away since 1953, producing about four times as much oil as was thought to be there.

A new BP-developed floating production system to be built by Harland & Wolff for service in about three years' time will make it economic to develop fields too small to justify fixed-platform costs, perhaps as small as 10 million barrels' capacity, whereas the threshold five years ago was thought to be 200 million. The principle involves a specially adapted ship which holds its position over the well by computer-controlled dynamics while the oil is pumped up into the vessel. The pipe can then be hauled up and the ship

moved on to another well or to discharge, giving the reservoir an opportunity to build up pressure again for a return visit.

Exploration is a long-term and often frustrating business—BP's much-heralded operation off China has so far drilled eight wells without a commercial discovery at a cost of more than £50 million. "But these are early days and this is a huge unexplored area," says Butler, who points out that 44 wells were drilled in the North Sea before oil was found. There are exploration programmes around the world, notably in Alaska, Norway, Indonesia, and Egypt where three fields are in production. Butler spends about 80 days a year travelling and recently signed a licensing agreement in Thailand.

His counterpart "downstream", David Simon of BP Oil International, sees future demand for oil remaining fairly static, growing at only about 1 per cent a year with more efficient uses of energy and increased competition from gas and coal. But critical judgments have to be made on capital investment needed in refineries to make them more energy-efficient and able to process a wide variety of crudes.

It is needed, too, in improving petrol stations—and the petrol end of the market, the arena in which oil companies come face to face with their consumers, is also the least profitable, with margins as skimpy as 1p a gallon.

But in Simon's view the industry should not worry about prospects of flat or minimal overall growth. "Oil is going to be the prime fuel of the world for at least another 20 years. There's a big market out there, a lot of potential consumers: you just have to get it to them more efficiently, and have more product development. You don't need more growth—you just have to be smarter than the competition." ●

Carol Kennedy is Deputy Editor of *The Director*.



**BEWARE OF THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.**





# MAKING A SPLASH

## IN THE BATHROOM

In 1966 Alexander Kira published, in a book entitled *The Bathroom*, the findings of extensive research work he had undertaken for Cornell University in New York State. The book aroused wide interest in the USA, partly, perhaps, because of its outspoken descriptions of personal habits and uninhibited suggestions for their better accommodation. In a section entitled Comparison of Seat Shapes and their Effect on Spreading the Buttocks, for instance, Kira stated that "the average breadth of the buttocks (in the sitting position) of the adult population is 14.5 inches", one of many little-known facts which entertained and informed his readers.

In his section about bathing habits of the past Kira supported the theory that man's vacillation between spiritualism and materialism has been matched by an equally marked swing between the neglect of personal hygiene and its cultivation as a quasi-

by José Manser

religious ritual. The Greeks and Romans, for instance, practised a high level of hygiene, with magnificent bathrooms pandering to their demands for physical well-being, whereas the early Christians considered dirt a badge of holiness, and its retention an act of self-denial.

We are currently high up in the materialistic swing, and our concern about personal cleanliness and the bathrooms wherein it can be fostered is profound. For the British (some of whom still take a bath at only fairly long intervals) the 1980s might almost be declared the decade of the bathroom, with showrooms devoted to bathroom products opening in every town, and the proliferation of such inessential but beguiling refinements as whirlpool fittings, baths for two-body immersion (as one Italian translator puts it) and saunas.

Where the quality rather than the quantity of products is concerned, the bathroom scene reveals great improvements in some areas, relapses in others. It is at last possible, for example, to buy reasonably designed modern taps in a variety of good colours as well as in chrome; lavatories can be installed far from a soil pipe since the invention of a macerating device enabled waste to be carried through small-bore pipes; and there are handsome radiators designed to double as towel rails. But there are few wash basins, lavatories or bidets of classic modern simplicity. Baths, however, are available to suit the purest as well as the most extrovert taste. Colour in bathroom suites (if you are not of the white-only school) has improved enormously, with Ideal Standard's Indian Ivory, and Whisper shades, which are the palest green, pink and blue, on the one hand, and gloriously

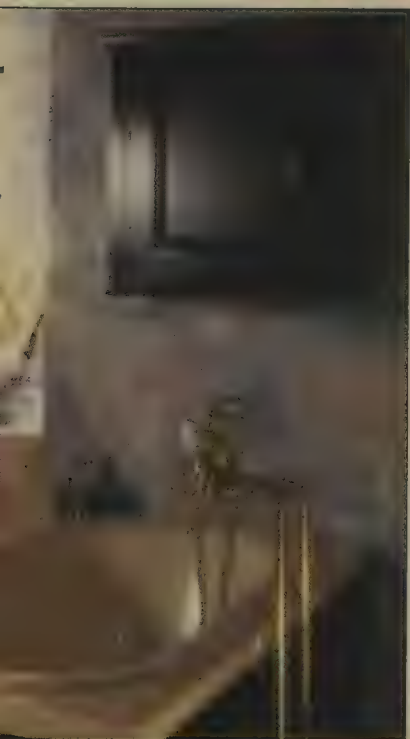
strong red and blue products from Teuco of Italy on the other.

Few of the developments predicted by Kira and others in the 60s have taken place, however. We still cannot easily buy prefabricated bathrooms, or electronically operated taps and lavatory flushes. At a functional level, things remain fairly primitive.

In decorative terms, by contrast, bathrooms are inspiring some wild flights of aesthetic fancy. If many are decidedly vulgar, there are two design trends which have strengthened over the past few years to produce bathrooms of differing but distinctive style. One is ultra-modern, and by this I do not mean simply the forbidding, tiled-all-over, bleak little cell which that description once matched. Modern bathrooms at their best are now graced by sympathetic and sometimes luxurious finishes, such as marble, wood and stainless steel. Their sanitaryware has plain, graceful lines yet is on a lavish

**R**ight, flower-patterned wash basin with fluted pedestal, £416.30 from B. C. Sanitan, 30 Lyme Street, NW1; brass reproduction shower and mixer fitting, £442.75; and shower rose, £57.60, both from Czech & Speake's large Edwardian range at 39c Jermyn Street, SW1. Below, old-fashioned, free-standing cast-iron Albert bath, approximately £631; and below right, period bathroom with Victorian fittings by B. C. Sanitan. Although the bath is boxed in, its plumbing and that of the lavatory is deliberately exposed.





scale (though almost invariably white), and every item of equipment from taps to lavatory brushes is meticulously chosen. Synthetic materials are of the highest quality, such as Corian, the marble-like material which is carved to form wash basin/work surfaces, or Colorcore, the new Formica product with colour right through rather than just as a surface layer.

Tiles, when they appear, are plain, sometimes cut and laid diagonally to form patterns. Taps may be chromed, or come in colour achieved by a strong, plastic coating. They are now often made with ceramic discs instead of washers, eliminating drips. Door handles, shelves, towel rails and mug holders are well designed, and if the room has been planned by an interior designer or architect are likely to be made by Hewi, a German firm whose designs are impeccable. These rooms have an appeal which is both hedonistic and sensual.

Even in this modified form, modernism does not please everyone: certainly



**A**

bove a

modern bathroom designed by architect Eldred Evans. The Michelangelo wash basins set into a tiled shelf are by Ideal Standard, PO Box 60, Kingston-upon-Hull; their range is widely available at most bathroom centres. Above left, architect Joanna van Heinengen chose white Brasilia sanitaryware by Ideal Standard for her bathroom design. The bright yellow towel rails are by the German firm Hewi, Unit 11, 58 Chadwick Road, SE15. Far left, lavatory brush, £33.67, by Hewi; left, Calibro wash basin mixer tap and pop-up waste, £180.55, from Spectrum, 122 Drury Lane, WC2.

(All prices include VAT.)

not the fogeys, old or young. Intent, in their bathrooms as in most other areas of their lives, on resurrecting what they see as the infinitely superior habits and products of their forebears, they are installing Victorian- or Edwardian-style bathrooms of varying degrees of authenticity. This is despite the fact that most Victorians never owned a bathroom (there was not even one at Buckingham Palace when Queen Victoria ascended the throne) and that many Edwardians in this country bathed in a tin tub before the fire. Those eras evoke visions of great comfort and repose for many people, and they like to bath in

rich surroundings.

Fortunately, some of the products being made for this market are of excellent quality and are careful reproductions of original designs (the latter, when in good condition, fetch high prices in antique shops). A small firm called Sanitan is making wash basins, lavatories and baths, either with pretty floral decorations or in plain white, which exactly echo those of the past; and one of their most popular baths is a huge, free-standing cast iron one called Albert, of a type hitherto usually boxed-in.

Exposure, however, is the essence of these period bathrooms. Cisterns, pipes and lavatory chains, all laboriously concealed 10 years ago, now feature as part of the décor. Several firms reproduce Edwardian cross-head taps, a classic design whose practicality far surpasses all those slippery acrylic knobs and blobs which crown too many modern taps. One of the first firms to enter the repro tap market, and in my opinion the best, is Czech & Speake. Their products include an early American range, and such evocative accessories as ceramic knobbed robe hooks and towel rails. At a different price level, Habitat sell a good range of appropriate mahogany and ceramic accessories.

Whether you are of fogey or modernist persuasion, fitting out a bathroom is now an exciting prospect. The products are certainly available ●



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## THE SKY AT NIGHT

# Beyond the Solar System

by Patrick Moore

In January, 1983, a particularly important man-made moon was launched. It was known as IRAS, the Infra-Red Astronomical Satellite, and it operated for the best part of a year, sending back information of all kinds. Its main task was to chart infra-red sources far beyond the Solar System, and it did so effectively, discovering thousands of new infra-red emitters.

Some stars, including the brilliant blue Vega in Lyra, were found to be associated with cool material which could well indicate the existence of planetary systems, either fully-fledged or in the process of formation. There is, after all, nothing very surprising about this. It is believed that the planets in our Solar System, including the Earth, condensed out of a cloud of dust and gas which surrounded the Sun in its early stages of evolution, and what can happen to the Sun can presumably happen to other stars also.

One interesting case was that of Beta Pictoris, in the southern hemisphere of the sky. It can never be seen from Europe, because it never rises above the horizon; it lies close to the brilliant Canopus, which is the brightest star in the sky apart from Sirius. Beta Pictoris, in the obscure little constellation of the Painter, is only of magnitude 3.8, so that it is fainter than the dimmest of the seven stars making up the familiar Plough. It is white, with a surface rather hotter than that of the Sun; its estimated distance is 78 light-years, and it is about 50 times as luminous as the Sun. Outwardly there is nothing special about it, and it had always been regarded as a very run-of-the-mill star.

However, the large "infra-red excess" prompted two American astronomers, Bradford Smith and Richard Terrell, to examine it at optical wavelengths. For this purpose they went to the Las Campanas Observatory in Chile, which is equipped with a fine 100 inch reflecting telescope. With the 100 inch, they used what is termed a CCD or Charge-Coupled Device—a piece of electronic gadgetry which is far more sensitive than any photographic plate. When they examined Beta Pictoris the results were staggering. They found that there is a circumstellar disk of material extending out to 48,000 million miles from the star. The material is thought to be composed of ices, carbonaceous substances and silicates, which are the very materials making up the Earth and the other planets of our Solar System. The disk of Beta Pictoris is seen nearly edge-on, and may not be more than a few hundred million years old. Analysis of the density of the material indicates that planets may already have been formed, and that the inner particles, close to the star, have already been

swept away—possibly by orbiting planets which already exist.

If all this is correct, then what are the chances of life there? It is tempting to speculate, but we must be cautious. Beta Pictoris is a more energetic star than the Sun; if there are planets they are presumably younger than ours, and it must be dubious as to whether advanced life-forms have developed.

Another recent discovery has proved to be quite different. This is associated with a very dim red dwarf star, known as VB8—VB standing for the Dutch astronomer Van Biesbroeck, who first drew attention to the star. VB8 is in the constellation of Ophiuchus, the Serpent-bearer, and is 21 light-years away. Compared with Beta Pictoris, or for that matter with the Sun, it is very feeble indeed.

Observations of it, again in infra-red, have been made from the Kitt Peak Observatory, Arizona. Apparently VB8 is associated with a companion (known rather confusingly as VB8B) which is smaller than Jupiter, with a diameter of no more than 80,000 miles, but has at least 30 times Jupiter's mass. Its distance from VB8 itself is of the order of 600 million miles.

When the discovery was announced, it was suggested that the companion might be a "super-planet". Yet this cannot be true, because the mass is too great; one simply cannot have a planet 30 times as "heavy" as Jupiter. Instead, we are dealing with what is called a Brown Dwarf star.

Consider a star such as the Sun or, for that matter, Beta Pictoris. It begins by condensing out of an interstellar cloud of dust and gas known as a nebula. As it shrinks, under the influence of gravitation, its core heats up. When the central temperature has reached the critical value of about 10,000,000°C, nuclear reactions begin. Hydrogen makes up a large percentage of the star's material; when the core has become hot enough, the nuclei of hydrogen atoms begin to band together to form nuclei of helium atoms. It takes four hydrogen nuclei to make up one nucleus of helium, and each time this happens a little energy is set free and a little mass is lost.

With a star which is much less massive than the Sun, the central temperature will never become high enough for nuclear reactions to be triggered off. Therefore the star will simply shine feebly because it is contracting, and eventually it will fade out, turning into a cold, dead globe. This is the type of star called a Brown Dwarf.

It seems very probable that the companion of VB8 is a Brown Dwarf. Its surface temperature seems to be of the order of 2,000° and the interior is not nearly hot enough for solar-type nuclear reactions to begin. It may be said that a Brown Dwarf is a star which has failed its entrance examination.

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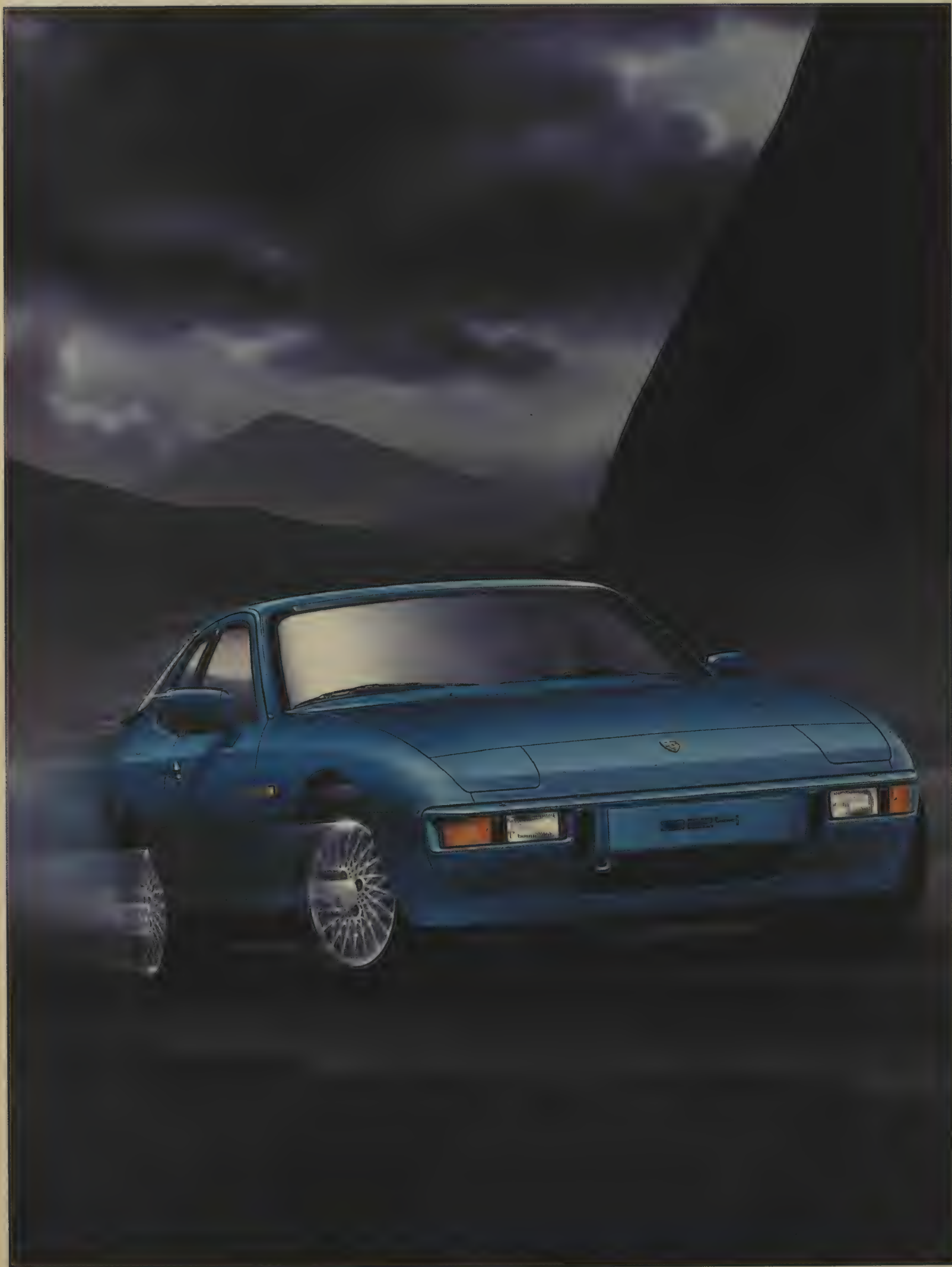
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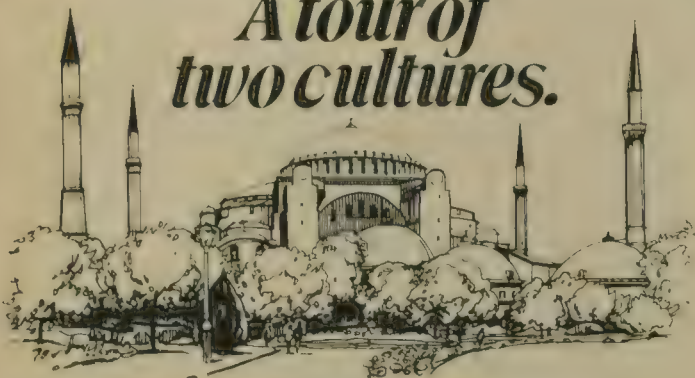
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# Music while you walk in Amsterdam

by Alex Finer

Weekends all too often pass in a blur of routine. Even a three-day break with a bonus Bank Holiday Monday can evaporate like ether when spent at home. But three days in, say, Moscow, Nice, Venice or Amsterdam is an altogether different proposition, creating memories that last for years.

The good news is that some air fares, a costly element of a short trip abroad, have fallen. The first to be cut was London to Amsterdam, with a scheduled return dropping from £87 to £49. Tour operators offer packages of varying duration to a wide range of hotels in the Dutch capital with transport by air from London and several provincial cities and also by rail and sea. Once there, you are on your own unless you choose to join organized excursions or require assistance from one of the local representatives.

Amsterdam, in common with most cities, is best enjoyed on foot. The main hazards here are cyclists and trams, which can approach unheard at high speeds, as well as the uneven cobblestones whose picturesque charm will not compensate for a twisted ankle. The climate can be rather miserable, too, even in spring. So comfortable flat shoes and an anorak are advisable for hiking around a city which, with its canals, libertarian laws, 53 museums, 61 art galleries, 12 concert halls and 20 theatres, is otherwise far from pedestrian. Perhaps most noteworthy is the outpouring of music from an unending cast of street performers.

A midnight stroll as soon as we arrived proved typical. We crossed over the canal bridge from the modest Hotel Prinsen into the Leidseplein on the edge of the Old Town and the atmosphere took hold. A tap-dancing saxophonist was playing jazz as the trams hummed by. A man from the crowd entered the circle to join in with an inspired soft-shoe shuffle that drew applause.

A few bridges farther into the Old Town, the smell of marijuana seeped from the coffee shop Haussman. Innocents abroad may be shocked to learn that the coffee shops which display a marijuana leaf symbol are safe havens for dope-smokers. They certainly need to know that biscuits and cakes for sale at the counter are often liberally spiced with the drug.

I chose caffeine and alcohol in the shape of espresso coffee and *jenever* (traditional Dutch gin) next door at The Odeon. This magnificent 17th-century theatre and concert hall has a bar with a ceiling of cherubs and portraits stained yellow from rising cigarette smoke but still worthy of their attribution to a pupil of Rubens. On my return to a first night's sleep, there were drums rolling at full volume in the



Take to the water for a sightseeing tour of the city.

Leidseplein which caused a patrolling policeman's horse to break step and then start to dance to the beat.

Wherever you walk, you can never stray far from the music. On Saturday morning four androgynous-looking children were playing and singing tomorrow's pop as we strode out to enjoy the riot of colour in the Singel flower market. Later, in the Flea Market in Waterlooplein, the street theatre continued with children made up as clowns selling water-soluble greasepaint while the adults sold junk of every description, including a few antiques. For sustenance there were deep-fried mussels, or herring with chopped onion and garlic mayonnaise. But the most popular food stalls, sad to say, sold bags of greasy chips.

Our first museum, the 17th-century Rembrandt's House, was too touristy for my taste. It has been structurally reinforced to support the hordes inspecting an almost complete collection of Rembrandt's etchings. A rock group in the street outside beat an insistent, disconcerting rhythm. Coffee in a café overlooking a canal, a taxi ride (don't abuse your feet on the first day) and the majesty of the Van Gogh Museum revived flagging spirits.

Street music was in evidence that night even in the red-light district. Incongruously, a youthful group strumming guitars appeared, strong of voice and heads held high. It took a moment to realize that, like a born-again Salvation Army in a modern, *Guys and Dolls*, this parade was singing for Jesus and marching in among the prostitutes behind a wooden cross.

A canal trip in the cold light of an overcast Sunday morning, after a breakfast of coffee and newspapers in the reproduction Art Deco café at the American Hotel, seemed almost too

conventional. There are some 80 miles of canal and 1,200 bridges (of which a remarkable number by now seemed familiar). The canals themselves are some 9 feet deep—explained by the guide as being 3 feet mud, 3 feet stolen bicycles and 3 feet water. She also explained to the handful of passengers that the insurance companies installed the raised iron bars on the canal edge 10 years ago to stop cars from rolling in. Accidents still happen and it costs a massive 1,500 guilders (£350) to get a car out. Unless, that is, people are in the car at the time, in which case rescue is apparently free because it constitutes life saving.

I failed to spot any runaway cars but it is hard to miss some of the 2,000 houseboats on the larger canals. They pay rent for their moorings and are connected to both water supply and electricity. The most bizarre dwelling belongs to the self-proclaimed King Victor IV, an American painter who has sunk a barge and grown a garden on it in the Amstel. Things have come a long way since the Amstel river was dammed in 1275 to create the fishing village of Amsterdam.

The canals are perhaps the best place from which to enjoy the centuries-old roof-lines with their bell, neck and step gables. Many of the warehouses still have their hooks at the top, now used for getting furniture in and out of the much-gentrified accommodation. There was—it should come as no surprise—someone playing the French horn near by when the canal boat returned to its berth.

It would be possible to spend at least a month profitably wandering around the Rijksmuseum—a vast treasure-house of Dutch collections from the 15th to 19th centuries celebrating its centenary this year and boasting Rem-

brandts and Vermeers among the main attractions. On a Sunday afternoon it was almost too crowded to see them. I coveted some of the furniture in a less populated wing and then spent an age trying to find my way out.

The Van Loon museum, chanced on in the freesheet, *Museum Magazine*, and open only on Mondays, was a most pleasing revelation. The 17th- and 18th-century interiors, portraits, furniture and silver of the two canal houses in Keizersgracht which make up this residence convey the flavour of times gone by in a way that no national or municipal museum can.

The abiding memory is of music off the street as well as on it. One evening I listened to four clarinets, Netherlands Klarinetkwartet, playing *avant-garde* compositions of nothing earlier than 1981, before hurrying off to a rock concert at De Melkweg, one of half-a-dozen such venues in the Old Town. Even when the limousine came to collect us for the Monday evening plane, my head was still ringing from the incessant pounding of a drum played in the Vondelpark where I had gone for a last-minute stroll. Take ear-plugs to Amsterdam if you want a quiet time.

## Our Travel Editor writes:

The writer went on a Thomson weekend holiday. These are for two or three nights, the price including air travel, transfer by car/taxi from Schipol airport to the hotel, bed and breakfast accommodation, comprehensive guide book, street plan and services of local representatives. With flights from Heathrow or Gatwick the cost ranges from £115 to £279 according to hotel, length of stay and departure date. There are also flights from Birmingham, Manchester, East Midlands, Newcastle and Glasgow. Rail and sea travel is offered as an alternative. Accommodation varies from small pensions to top-class hotels.

Other companies offering Amsterdam weekends include Time Off (a very wide choice), Travelscene, Anglia Holidays and Golden Rail.

For the independent traveller Amsterdam is linked by air to London (Heathrow, Gatwick and Stansted) and to no fewer than 14 regional airports from Aberdeen to Jersey. Current fares from London range from £49 to £104 tourist class with various restrictions, £156 club or executive class, all return.

By rail and sea from London via Harwich and Hook of Holland return fares are from £33 to £56 second class, £42 to £76 first class, berths extra.

Netherlands National Tourist Office, 143 New Bond Street, London W1Y 9FD (499 9367). Thomson Holidays, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7SD (387 9321). Full details of all holidays and transport from travel agents.

## Children's favourites

From Mrs Doreen Barfield

Dear Sir,  
I was paging through my favourite literature—the Christmas number of *The Illustrated London News*—enjoying the article about the choice of favourite children's books made by well-known people, when the list submitted by Gavin Ewart caught my attention. The last book on his list was *Mr Hipp or Three Friends in Search of Pleasure* and said to be anonymous. I have a treasured copy, given to my mother in 1886, written and illustrated by W. H. Romaine Walker, published by Faulkner.

I was pleased to see that Beatrix Potter's books had several mentions, Jeremy Fisher and Mrs Tittlemouse being my favourites. I was surprised that G. A. Henty did not appear on anyone's list: he would have been high on mine, as would have been Gunby Hadath and his school stories, but then I was raised on a bound copy of *Chums* for several Christmases. Gene Stratton Porter's *Girl of the Limberlost* would also have been my choice, and perhaps *Teddy's Button* by Amy Le Feuvre, which I appreciated as I was "a daughter of the regiment".

Doreen Barfield  
Somerset West  
Cape  
South Africa

## The world's best buildings

From Mrs H. S. Frothingham

Dear Sir,  
May I add the Tower of Qabus, in north-east Iran, to the list? The building, erected in 1007, has been much praised, especially by Robert Byron in *The Road to Oxiana*. It stands alone in a barren landscape, and because of its height, 165 feet, is visible from a vast distance. The light changes as the sun passes around the triangular buttresses which extend the whole height of the tower.

H. S. Frothingham  
Dedham  
Massachusetts  
USA

### Defence Begins at Sea

In the article in our January issue (page 19) it was stated that one of the achievements of the British Maritime League was the publication of the book entitled *Defence Begins at Home*. In fact this book is not published by the British Maritime League but by a separate organization, which is not necessarily supported by any of those who are patrons of the League or its associated charity, The British Maritime Charitable Foundation.

## Jordan's living past

by Alison McQuitty and Cherie Lenzen

By studying village life today and comparing it with archaeological discoveries, the authors, both archaeologists in northern Jordan, are producing a comprehensive history of this culturally rich area.



Jordan, as well as being beautiful, is a country rich in history and antiquities and archaeologists from all over the world have worked there. Surveys and excavations indicate continuing occupation from the paleolithic period to the present day. Almost everyone has heard of the grandeur of the rock-cut Nabataean capital of Petra in the south; and the imposing Roman Decapolis city of Gerasa (Jerash), just north of the modern capital of Amman (ancient Philadelphia), but there is ample evidence of extensive occupation throughout the country.

The Northern Jordan Project (NJP), which we started in 1983, is centred around the modern cities of Irbid and Beit Ras, ancient Arbela and Capitolias during the Roman Decapolis period and Beth-Arbel during the earlier periods. The area under investigation is a circle around the two cities, which are at the junction of ecological zones and historical trade routes. The relationship of the outlying areas to these two cities is being examined. The three major foci of the NJP are survey, rescue excavation and ethnographic work pertinent to archaeological investigation—ethno-archaeology.

In accordance with modern archaeological methods, random kilometre squares extending from the centre of Beit Ras/Irbid are surveyed on foot. The initial emphasis is on those sites from the Roman through Islamic, including Ottoman, occupation of the region, although sites from before the Roman occupation are being studied.

We have recently completed rescue excavation, assisted by the Department

of Antiquities of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, on Tell Irbid, a major site dating from at least the Early Bronze Age through to the early Islamic period. At about the time the Ottoman castle was built there, it appears that the remains from the Iron II period through the early Islamic period had been re-used or removed from the top of the *tell* (a mound marking the site of an ancient city). Survey of the area around the *tell* has shown evidence of this occupation but no excavation remains were found. Indications are that Irbid was a major fortified city, probably from the Middle Bronze Age through the Iron I period. Housing excavated showed large rooms of well-constructed stone and mud-brick walls.

North-western Jordan is an area of rapid change but the links with the past survive, particularly in terms of material culture. The NJP seeks to draw parallels between the archaeological record and recent village life, thus viewing the past as continuous rather than as a series of crises. Domestic life, unlike the shifting monuments of great empires, such as Jerash and Petra, changes only gradually.

Bread has been baked in clay ovens which vary little in their construction for over 3,000 years. Study of their present form, construction, length and method of use adds valuable information to the interpretation of archaeological examples. For instance, the average life-span of a contemporary oven is nine years and this gives an idea of the period a series of ovens represents in an archaeological context.

Houses built on the side of a *tell* in Jordan were abandoned only in the last 20 years but give an impression of what an ancient village was like.

A village of terraced houses, abandoned within the past 20 years, conveys an impression of houses perched on the side of a *tell* in antiquity. Closer examination reveals details of construction which are hard to discover from archaeological remains, such as the roof construction. The function of certain architectural features is discovered by conversations with older inhabitants of the area, for example the *matwē* stand for mattresses found in older houses. The NJP is also making a study of the use of space within both the house and courtyard and the wider sphere of the village. Visual comparisons contribute to general as well as to academic knowledge.

In spite of the records left by 19th-century western travellers, past documentation of antiquities is sparse. Oral history, therefore, has a big role to play in the reconstruction of the past—recent and distant. Gathering information from older inhabitants about the distribution and details of antiquities before modern development gives a vivid picture of the past, interspersed with personal memories. Such recollections, with analysis of material remains, are in danger of vanishing unrecorded. The NJP strives to counter this by recording the history of the region using conventional archaeological methods as well as exploring the potential of ethnographic comparison and collective memory.



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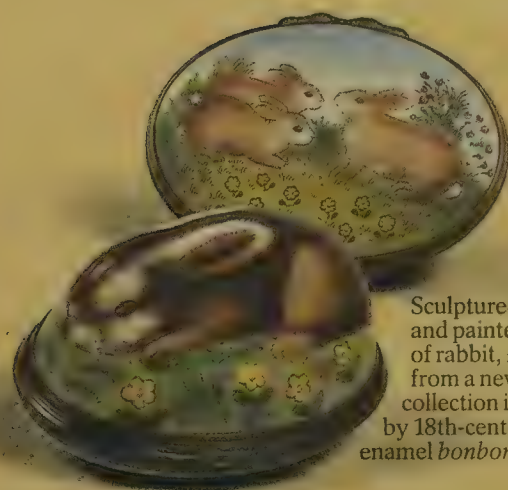
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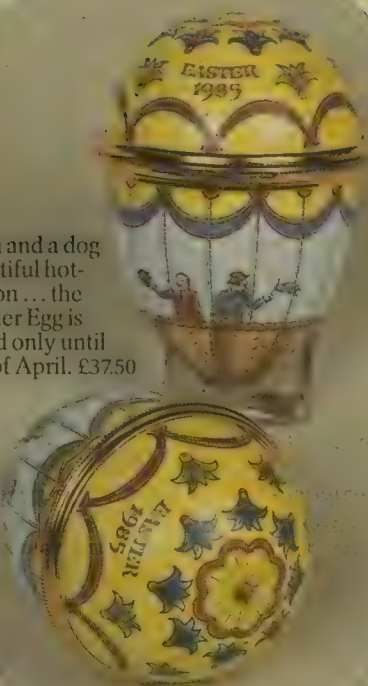
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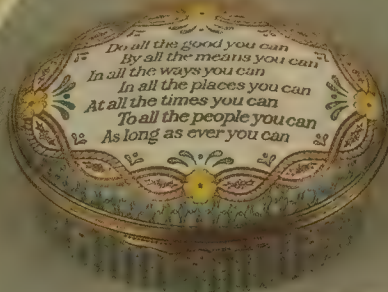


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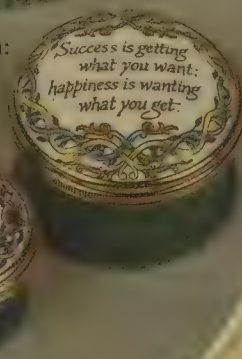
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# Prize-winning game

by John Nunn

The biennial chess Olympiads are one of the high points of the chess calendar. Teams from 90 countries gathered in the Greek city of Thessaloniki last November to decide which is the world's top chess nation. Apart from one lapse in 1978, when Hungary won, the Soviet Union has dominated chess Olympiads, but this time they were without Karpov and Kasparov, who were still battling in Moscow.

Greatly aided by the fantastic performance of their top board Belyavsky, the USSR had already taken a substantial lead by the half-way stage, including an extraordinary demolition of their main rivals Hungary by the score of 4-0. In the second half their pace slackened somewhat since no other country threatened them, but a convincing win without their top two players proves that the Soviets have no serious rivals in team chess.

The struggle for the other medals was much closer, since several teams, including England, were in with a chance until near the end. In the 12th of the 14 rounds England had a superb result against Sweden, winning by 3½-½. When we repeated the score against Columbia in the penultimate round, only nerves could prevent us finishing second. Despite some uncertain moments in the last round, we finally pulled through to beat the Philippines 3-1 and produce the best ever result by England in an Olympiad. Leading scores: USSR 41 (from 56), England 37, USA 35, Hungary 34½, Rumania 33, West Germany and France 32½.

Individual English scores (in descending board order): Miles 6/12, Nunn 10/11, Speelman 5½/9, Chandler 5½/9, Mestel 7/9, Short 3/6. Jonathan Mestel's score gave him an individual gold medal for the best performance on board 5, while I was fortunate enough to pick up three individual golds, for the best-rating performance, the best performance on board 2 and for the problem-solving event which I entered on a rest day. The following won the Duncan Lawrie prize for the best game by an English player.

J. Nunn                      G. Sosonko  
White                      Black

## Sicilian Defence

1 P-K4                      P-QB4  
2 N-KB3                    N-QB3  
3 P-Q4                      PxP  
4 NxP                      N-B3  
5 N-QB3                    P-Q3  
6 B-QB4                    P-K3  
7 B-K3                      P-QR3  
8 Q-K2                      Q-B2  
9 0-0                      N-QR4  
10 B-Q3                    P-QN4  
11 P-QR3                    B-N2  
12 P-KN4

A new move. In this variation White gains the advantage if he can drive

away the Black knight by P-KN4 and P-N5 before Black organizes central counterplay by . . . P-Q4. Hitherto White had always spent a tempo preventing . . . P-Q4 by playing 12 P-B4 and only then pushing the KNP.

12                      ...P-Q4

Naturally Black exploits the omission.

13 PxP                      NxQP

14 N(4)xNP!

This is the real point behind 12 P-KN4. White sacrifices a piece to trap Black's king in the centre.

14                      ...PxN

Such sacrifices have to be accepted 99 per cent of the time, but this position was one of the rare exceptions. 14 . . . Q-N1! 15 NxN BxN 16 N-B3 BxR 17 RxB Q-B2 was the best line, with chances for both sides.

15 BxNPch                      K-Q1

The king must move because 15 . . . B-B3 loses material to 16 NxN PxN 17 B-N6ch Q-K2 18 BxN QxQ 19 BxBch K-K2 20 KR-K1.

16 NxN                      PxN

After 16 . . . BxN 17 RxBch! PxR 18 R-Q1 Black's defensive chances are poor despite his extra rook. Play might continue 18 . . . B-Q3 19 RxP K-B1 20 B-QR6ch N-N2 21 BxNch KxB 22 Q-N5ch K-B1 23 B-N6 Q-Q2 24 Q-B4ch K-N2 25 R-QN5 R-R3 26 B-B7ch! K-R2 (26 . . . K-R1 27 R-N8ch! mates) 27 BxB RxB 28 R-R5ch K-N1 29 Q-N4ch K-B1 30 R-R8ch K-B2 31 R-R7ch and White obtains a winning position with a queen and three pawns against two rooks.

17 R-Q3!

The rook manoeuvre to QB3 prevents Black's king slipping away to the queenside.

17                      ...N-B5

18 R-B3

White threatens 19 BxN PxR 20 R-Q1ch with a deadly attack by the queen and two rooks down adjacent files.

18                      ...B-N5

An ingenious defence based on the fact that White cannot take the bishop because of mate at QR8. 18 . . . B-R3 was no better, since 19 R-Q1! BxB 20 RxPch B-Q2 21 RxN wins.

19 RxN!                      PxR

20 R-Q1ch                      K-B1

21 R-Q4

Black has no genuine defence to the threat of 22 RxP winning the queen. If he plays 21 . . . K-N1, White wins the queen by 22 B-B4, while 21 . . . Q-K2 22 RxPch K-N1 23 RxB is no better since White is up on material while retaining his attack.

21                      ...B-Q4

22 RxB                      B-Q3

23 R-Q4                      Resigns

Resignation might seem premature, but after 23 . . . K-N1 24 RxP Q-K2 25 B-B6 Black's defenceless king will not survive the attack of the numerically superior White forces ●

## Queen Victoria's second son

by Robert Blake

Dearest Affie . . . Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh

by John Van der Kiste & Bee Jordaan  
Alan Sutton, £8.95

This is the first biography of a curiously neglected character, Queen Victoria's second son, nicknamed "Affie", who was born in 1844 and died 56 years later. Through the good offices of J. A. S. Phillips, a member of The Prince Albert Society, that admirable body based on Coburg, the two authors were brought together. They were working on the same subject but knew nothing about each other's efforts. The result is a collaborative venture which is certainly more satisfactory than two separate books, though not wholly satisfactory. Good grammar and elegant style are not the authors' forte and, although they have done a certain amount of research, they do not appear, for whatever reason, to have had access to the Royal Archives which must by the nature of things be the most important source of all.

It also has to be said that they are somewhat gullible. The tale that George III before he succeeded to the throne had a son by one Hannah Lightfoot, "the fair Quaker", has long been consigned to the dustbin of history. The authors, admittedly, state "it is said that . . ." but they fail to indicate that the story is totally discredited. Prince Alfred, on a visit to South Africa in 1867 where he was entertained by "George Rex", son of the alleged son, may perhaps have believed his host and thought there was some substance in it. In fact there is none.

There is another episode which must inspire scepticism as described by the authors. Prince Alfred's heir, also Alfred, died of tuberculosis in 1899. Or did he? The authors have revived two pieces of gossip; first that the young Alfred "married", contrary to the Royal Marriages Act, a woman called Mabel Fitzgerald in Potsdam a year earlier; second, that his death was due to the delayed effects of a self-inflicted gunshot wound—an attempt at suicide prompted by his mother's rejection of Mabel as a daughter-in-law and his own suffering from venereal disease. These allegations may conceivably be true—it is hard to prove a negative—but no source is given for the cause of death, and for the marriage the only reference is "private information".

However, the broad outlines of their picture of Prince Alfred are probably near enough to reality and they do not omit the "warts". He obviously was a tiresome character, and with good cause the least popular of Queen Victoria's children. He drank too

much and prided himself on playing the violin, but performed so atrociously that it was agony for even the most sycophantic of his toadies to listen to him. He was also a relentless bore. Prince Henry of Battenberg had persuaded Queen Victoria to provide a smoking room at Windsor—she always had a soft spot for the Battenbergs—but Prince Alfred took full advantage and sat there discoursing endlessly about his naval experiences. Prince Henry decided to give up tobacco. As the authors observe, "In a later age when the health hazards . . . were more fully appreciated, the family might have been more grateful to Affie, but medical science was not on his side in the 1880s."

The naval side of the Duke of Edinburgh's career showed him at his best. He had a genuine passion for the sea, and being far more intelligent than his elder brother, "Bertie", he found it relatively easy to pass the necessary examinations. In this respect he took after his father. He seems to have been an efficient naval officer, and he commanded with success in 1866-71 the two flag-showing world cruises of *Galatea*, a wooden screw frigate of 3,227 tons which was rigged with sails and used engines only in an emergency. He was not always at his best on these royal visits. Australia must have been the worst place of all with its endless speeches, formalities and addresses bound in vellum. No wonder he looked bored all too often. Moreover a Fenian tried to assassinate him at Port Jackson. He survived because his heavy braces deflected the bullet from his spine and three Nightingale-trained nurses, just arrived from Sydney, were able to look after him.

On his second cruise he visited the entire empire—South Africa, Australia again, New Zealand, and Fiji where the amorous generosity of the ladies was particularly agreeable for those cooped up in the world of "rum, sodomy and the lash", as Winston Churchill put it. He went to the Falklands and to India. He also paid a visit to Japan, the first European royal to be received by the Mikado and probably the last to see the court in its full traditional splendour before Japan set out on the westernizing course which has changed the history of the world.

His life was not happy, but this could be said of every child of Queen Victoria, that most terrifying mother and monarch. Her formidable presence brooded over them all. He made a marriage of great grandeur to the Tsar's only daughter, but it was not a success, and it embroiled him in a major row during the eastern crisis of 1878 when he displayed lack of tact in asking a pro-Russian Battenberg to dinner on his ship near Constantinople when war between Britain and Russia about the Turkish question seemed imminent. On the whole it is a good thing that he never became King of England.

# Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

## Foreign Affairs

by Alison Lurie

Michael Joseph, £8.95

## The Duchess's Diary

by Robin Chapman

Faber, £7.95, paperback, £2.95

Almost every sentence of Alison Lurie's latest novel, *Foreign Affairs*, is a beauty: firm, resounding, frequently funny. Her subjects are the British seen through American eyes and Americans seen through British eyes, topics rife with opportunity for cliché. But her writing and her observations are fresh.

She is contributing to what is becoming a familiar genre, that of American academics visiting England or British academics in America as in Malcolm Bradbury's *Stepping Westwards* or David Lodge's *Changing Places*. Bradbury and Lodge are, like Alison Lurie, attached to a university. If more novelists were dustmen no doubt there would be quite a vogue for novels on refuse collection.

The anti-heroine of *Foreign Affairs* is Virginia (Vinnie) Miner, "54 years old, small, plain and unmarried, the sort of person that no one ever notices, although she is an Ivy League college professor who has published several books and has a well established reputation in the expanding field of children's literature". She is an American and an Anglophile, visiting England for six months to pursue her research into children's playground rhymes. Her character is well, and unattractively, drawn: she is somewhat mean-spirited, with a penchant for stealing hotel towels, ashtrays, and even flowers from neighbours' gardens; she has an avid imagination when it comes to fantasizing the annihilation of her academic enemies. She comes to life, even though Alison Lurie fails to explain completely why the petty Vinnie has so many friends and such a social life, apart from the plot necessitating her to meet people, exchange views and hear gossip.

The man who shakes her up and changes her is someone whom back in America she would never meet, let alone befriend. She first encounters Chuck on the plane, then at Fortnum & Mason's, and her social and intellectual snobbery make her despise him as her London friends despise him, thinking "his vulgar clothes and cowboy voice a huge joke. As she thinks, "she certainly hadn't come all the way to London to make it with a sunbelt polyester American left behind by a two-week guided tour, an unemployed sanitary engineer who wears a transparent plastic raincoat and cowboy boots and had never heard of Harold Pinter, Henry Purcell, or William

Blake until he was 57 years old and she told him about them." As the novel proceeds Chuck grows in stature. Indeed, he is really the only decent person in it: big-hearted, brave, even the nurser of a Terrible Secret like all good romantic heroes. The chief lesson of this novel is to beware of the disguises people wear.

The anti-hero of *Foreign Affairs* is Vinnie Miner's younger colleague, Fred Turner, over in London to research the work of John Gay. He has matinee idol looks but no heroic qualities apart from enormous charm. Soon he is embarked on an affair with a glamorous English actress, Lady Rosemary Radley, who appears to be elegant and delightful but cracks up when she realizes he is stubbornly determined to return to America. The least successful device in *Foreign Affairs* is Rosemary Radley's descent into her *alter ego* of the cockney charlady. It is simply not convincing, and is stably managed.

Throughout there are excellent comic portraits of London social life, from weekend house parties to cocktail parties, all of which are peopled by sharply drawn characters, some recognizable. Alison Lurie is a first-class observer of society, as she has already shown in *The War Between the Tates* and *Only Children*. She is an American Muriel Spark: beneath the wit and observation is a wild, perverse imagination which her carefully chosen words only just manage to keep in check.

Robin Chapman's *The Duchess's Diary* is a novel purporting to be the translation of an original manuscript, the diary of a young woman who believes herself to have been the model for the Duchess of the second book of Don Quixote, having entertained Cervantes in the summer of 1608 after the success of the first part. Unlike most people, who like to be portrayed in fiction, however unfavourably, Maria Isabel, wife of Jeronimo, the Duke of Caparros, is deeply hurt and her distress rocks still more her already shaky mental health. Broadcast for BBC radio in 1980, the novel is written in strange, haunting prose which captures well its writer's madness and the claustrophobic heat of a Spanish summer: "Another Wednesday and I can't talk any more to anyone I did try talking to the new chaplain but his shadow reminded me of a giant peg doll and there is no way of keeping warm in this stone box I now inhabit even though the sun has shone every day since Epiphany but has no power to melt the snow on the ash heap mountains". Robin Chapman gradually reconstructs the summer of Cervantes's visit, his character, his relationship with the Duchess, and the cruelty of the portrait. It is a powerful achievement.

Two delightful satirical novels of the 1920s, *Dangerous Ages* and *Crewe Train* by Rose Macaulay, have just been reprinted by Methuen Paperbacks: they are well worth reading.

# Other new books

## The Later Paintings and Drawings of John Constable

by Graham Reynolds

Yale University Press (2 vols), £140

Graham Reynolds began his study of Constable's art more than 40 years ago, when he was Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the Victoria & Albert Museum, which has the largest single collection of the artist's work, and for which Mr Reynolds produced a catalogue. Now we are fortunate to have further fruits from his long labours in the form of this *catalogue raisonné* of all Constable's work during the second half of his working life, from 1817, when his marriage had changed his working habits and moved his centre of interest from Suffolk to London, where most of his major paintings were created, until his death at the age of 60 in 1837.

More than 1,000 works are described in detail in the first volume. The paintings, sketches and drawings are dated both by year and by the number of the works carried out in that year. The present and past ownership is given (except where the private ownership is not to be revealed), and there are, particularly for the larger works, very full descriptions of the origins and history of the paintings, their relationship to other works, the topography, the buildings and the people portrayed and other significant detail. In the second volume the works are illustrated, 250 of them in colour and more than a quarter of them previously unpublished.

On the problem of Constable imitations Mr Reynolds is uncompromising. The number of works which have at one time or another been claimed as Constables, and assigned to his later period, is many times more than those included in these volumes. Mr Reynolds has confined the entries to those works which he believes to be genuine or most probably genuine, and his scholarship on the subject is such that most will accept his silent omissions without quibble.

## Journeys

by Jan Morris

Oxford University Press, £8.95

Jan Morris is our most gifted travel writer, wonderfully able to re-create the atmosphere and the heart of a place by the accumulation of sharply observed detail. This collection ranges wide, from a journey in Australia via some acute commentaries on American and European cities to a concluding journey in China. As always the link between observation and description is so elegant as to be undetectable. This is Jan Morris's art, for she seems to write with her eyes.

# Paperback choice

## Jane Austen: Selected Letters

Edited by R. W. Chapman

Oxford University Press, £2.95

Jane Austen the letter-writer disappoints those who expect Jane Austen the novelist. "She has not enough subject-matter on which to exercise her powers" was E.M. Forster's explanation of her "fundamental weakness" as a letter-writer, but such criticism missed the point. The letters are not carefully composed literature but a working record of family life, lacking the power of description and comment that gives such strength to the novels but providing nonetheless a fascinating insight into the novelist and her family. This selection forms about a third of the surviving letters.

## A Walk Round London's Parks

by Hunter Davies

Zenith, £3.95

Greater London has 45,000 acres of parks. No other major city in the world is so richly endowed, but these open spaces are generally taken for granted and not even the most devoted Londoner is likely to be able to name them all. The value of Hunter Davies's book is not just that it does this (and they range from the Royal Parks to North Cray Meadows, from Hampstead Heath to Burgess Park, from Epping Forest to Neasden recreation ground), but that it also describes their history and current characteristics.

## Great Cobbett

by Daniel Green

Oxford University Press, £5.95

Cobbett is, as Daniel Green concedes, more written about than read, though at the time of his death in 1853 there was general agreement that he had been one of the great Englishmen. Today he is probably best known as the author of *Rural Rides*, but it was as a political writer and champion of Radicalism that he was renowned during his lifetime, and this sympathetic biography is timely and welcome.

## Author! Author!

Edited by Richard Findlater

Faber and Faber, £2.95

*The Author* is the trade journal of professional writers. It was founded by the Society of Authors in 1890 with the aim, as described by Edmund Gosse in the first issue, of helping "all helpable authors", and it survives today as a quarterly publication. This is a selection of contributions, published last year to celebrate the centenary of the Society, and it provides a galaxy of comment on the amazing variety of problems that authors are faced with.

# Fashion with a future

by Ursula Robertshaw

Jewelry has been usefully divided into primary and secondary. Primary jewelry involves the use of very valuable stones, the setting for which is changed as the fashions change. Secondary jewelry uses less precious materials and the emphasis is on the design and the making—for example the work of some of the Art Nouveau jewellers, who used horn, tortoiseshell and enamel with semi-precious stone. Such work is preserved in its original state, treasured for its design; and its value increases as the renown of its maker grows. Such is the jewelry made by Frances Bendixson.

Acclaim has increasingly come her way in the past two years. Pieces of her work have been bought for the Goldsmiths' Company's collection; during British Week in the United States last autumn she was commissioned to make 12 pieces for Nieman Marcus; and she has been given an exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum from March 16 to May 9.

The pieces shown on this page are typical of her work. In the delicate tiara, gold wire, intricately worked, supports and displays a variety of stones which include rock crystal, moonstones and pearls. The necklet, mounted in white and yellow gold and made only a few months ago, has an even greater variety of stones—rock crystal, rose quartz, tourmaline, jasper, coral, moonstone, aquamarine and pearls among them—chosen within a pastel colour range so that while it has great impact it remains subtle. The pendant, gold-wrapped pearl hangs off-centre—a Bendixson thumb-print. In the accompanying earrings the topaz are wrapped in spirals of gold wire which are not only decorative, they also preserve the relatively soft stone.

The large silver earrings have a central stone of pink tourmaline, attended by black pearls, rose quartz and silver beads. They are worn, most comfortably, round the ear, borne on what Mrs Bendixson calls her earring aids. With them we have photographed a striking brooch/pin/pendant of silver wire with beads of jet, black onyx, haematite, tiger's eye, rose quartz, amber, garnet, jasper, tourmaline, rhodonite, rock crystal, filigree silver and pearls.

Our three contrasting rings employ seed pearls with a sapphire; tourmaline, seed pearls, gold beads, amethyst and a black pearl, set in oxidized gold wire; and tourmaline crystal with seed pearls, yellow quartz, aquamarine, obsidian and tiger's eye. In this last the silver wire has been most beautifully braided to give a great sense of movement at the back of the ring—another Bendixson thumb-print. Inquiries to Mrs Bendixson on 01-352 0520



Top, tiara of gold wire with various beads of semi-precious stones, silver and gold, £850; necklet of white and yellow gold wire with semi-precious beads, £1,500; earrings of topaz wrapped in spirals of gold wire, £160. Above left, silver earrings with central pink tourmaline, £335; brooch/pin/pendant of carved jet with other stones, £235. Above right, seed pearl and sapphire ring, £395; pink tourmaline and other stones ring, £235; tourmaline crystal and other stones ring, £145.

# Irregular results

by Jack Marx

Bidding a suit not strictly defined as biddable according to the partnership methods may sometimes end in triumph, sometimes in disaster. But the rewards and forfeitures do not always seem to be apportioned equitably.

On the first hand, from a Gold Cup match, both North players thought they were faced with a first-round bidding problem as responder and each solved it in an irregular fashion. Their choices were not identical and the results they obtained were even less so.

♠ K 10 7      Game All  
♥ 5 3 2      Dealer South  
♦ 8 6 4 3  
♣ A Q 10  
♠ J 9 8 5 3      ♠ 2  
♥ 10      ♥ Q J 9  
♦ K 9 7 5 2      ♦ Q J 10  
♣ K 4      ♣ J 9 8 7 5 2  
♠ A Q 6 4  
♥ A K 8 7 6 4  
♦ A  
♣ 6 3

At both tables the North-South pairs were using an Acrol-related approach bidding system, their opponents remaining silent. With South opening One Heart in each case, neither North fancied at once limiting his hand with a discouraging One No-trump. They looked around for some temporizing bid that would be conveniently non-committal for the moment. One decided to respond as cheaply as possible at the one level on a three-card suit. The other ventured to the two level with the only four-card length he held, such as it was. Neither remained entirely level-headed later, but they met with very different fates.

North      1♠    3NT No  
South    1♥    3♦    4♠

Even though the final contract was not precisely par, it was decidedly unlucky to meet this horrible trump split. East had a ready-made lead in the Queen of Diamonds, wrecking declarer's trump control for two down.

If North leaves the straight and narrow at an early stage, he should later tread with more circumspection than he did. His Three No-trumps was hasty and clumsy in spite of the beautiful clubs. The sort of excitement shown by South with his diamond forcing jump is frequently prompted by great pleasure at hearing the suit with which partner has responded. North has no great pleasure in this suit and he should plan a way of escaping from it. A preference bid of Three Hearts at least makes it possible for South to confirm spades, if he must, at the three level. If this should happen, North can now retire to Three No-trumps, affirming a club holding and warning over weakness in spades. With his fine spades South might have still declined to be weaned away from them, but North

could at least claim to have done his utmost to undo the damage arising from his first response.

This was the bidding at the other table:

North      2♦    4♥    5♣    5♥    No  
South    1♥    2♠    4♠    5♦    6♥

Since all North's strength lies in the black suits, his apparent obsession with the red suits does look a trifle odd. However, it is difficult to quarrel with success. Six Hearts is a fine contract. It will always make when trumps break 2-2 (40 per cent) and half the time, through a club finesse, when they break 3-1 ( $\frac{1}{2}$  x 50 per cent).

A 65 per cent small slam is not one to miss, though it is easy for less eccentric pairs than these to do so. There is much that they need to discover about their hands: the nine-card heart holding, the fit in spades, the absence of duplicated values in diamonds, North's control of South's weak doubleton club.

♠ J 9 7      Dealer East  
♥ A K 4      North-South  
♦ J 10 6 2      Game  
♣ A Q 6

♠ 10 4 3      ♠ 8 6  
♥ 8 5 3      ♥ Q 9 7 2  
♦ 9 8      ♦ A K 7 4  
♣ 10 8 5 4 2      ♣ K 9 7  
♠ A K Q 5 2  
♥ J 10 6  
♦ Q 5 3  
♣ J 3

When South passed East's opening weak No-trump, the Indian West in a match against Britain in the 1984 World Olympiad at Seattle desperately strove to avert the impending fall of the axe. He made a transfer bid of Two Diamonds that supposedly meant hearts, North doubled, East jumped to Three Hearts and South took command with Four Spades. Declarer lost two top diamonds and a ruff and was faced with a club switch at trick four. It was clear that West's point-count must be literally zero, so South took dummy's Ace, drew trumps in two rounds and flung his losing club on the fourth diamond.

To South, West's transfer bid of Two Diamonds suggested five hearts and East's Queen should accordingly fall under North's Ace King, though this appraisal left East's jump to Three Hearts unexplained. But South was beginning to see the light; he played a third trump to reach this position:

♥ A K 4  
♣ Q 6  
♥ 8 5      ♥ Q 9 7  
♣ 10 8 5      ♣ K 9  
♠ Q 5  
♥ J 10 6

On a fourth trump dummy's small heart was pitched and East succumbed to a trump squeeze. He must either unguard hearts or by throwing his small club enable declarer to establish dummy's Queen by ruffing.



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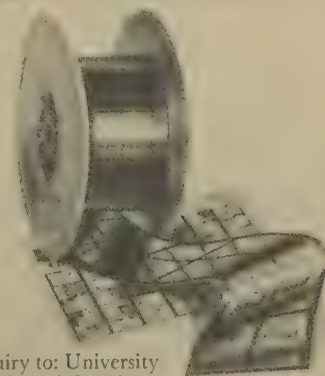
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# MARCH BRIEFING

## Friday, March 1

Lenny Henry kicks off a new series of late-night shows at the Piccadilly Theatre (p70)  
Discovering Mammals, an exhibition for the blind, opens at the Natural History Museum (p79)  
Film openings: *City Heat*, co-starring Burt Reynolds & Clint Eastwood; *Dance with a Stranger*, the story of the murderess Ruth Ellis (p72)

□ St David's Day

## Saturday, March 2

*Count Ory* at the Coliseum (p76)  
Carlo Curley gives an organ recital at Blenheim Palace (p82)  
For children: *Elephant Boy* at the National Film Theatre (p77)

## Sunday, March 3

Opera gala night at the Barbican (p74)

## Monday, March 4

London Women's History Week begins (p77)  
Award-winning American play, *Night, Mother* by Marsha Norman, opens at Hampstead Theatre (p70)  
Royal charity premiere of *2010* (p73)  
*I Capuleti e i Montecchi* at Covent Garden (p76)

## Tuesday, March 5

Ideal Home Exhibition opens for its 63rd year (p77)  
First night of *Why Me?* with Richard Briers & Diane Fletcher at the Strand Theatre (p71)  
Fieldborne Galleries show Londoners' London (p78)

## Wednesday, March 6

London Mozart Players' Mozart Explored series at the Festival Hall (p74)

## Thursday, March 7

A celebration of City of London life at Prince Henry's Room (p77)  
□ Full moon

## Friday, March 8

Film openings: Douglas Day Stewart's *Thief of Hearts*; David Hare's *Wetherby* (p73)  
□ International Women's Day

## Saturday, March 9

Royal Ballet premiere of Michael Corder's *Number Three* (p76)  
Victorian London study day at Birkbeck College (p77)  
Hockey: England v Scotland (women) at Wembley (p76)

## Sunday, March 10

Sir Charles Groves 70th birthday concert at the Barbican (p74)

## Monday, March 11

Film opening: *Pavlova—a Woman for All Time*, with Galina Beliaeva (p72)

□ Commonwealth Day

## Tuesday, March 12

Start of Whitechapel Art Gallery open exhibition (p79)  
Horse racing: first day of the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham (p76)  
Chelsea Antiques Fair opens at the Old Town Hall (p77)

## Wednesday, March 13

Start of new season for Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells (p76)

## Thursday, March 14

Return of Michael Crawford as *Barnum* at the Victoria Palace (p70)  
Film opening: Francesco Rosi's screen version of *Carmen* (p72)  
Mahler, Vienna & the 20th-century begins at the Barbican (p74); Handel's *Israel in Egypt* sung by the Royal Choral Society at the Festival Hall (p75)

## Friday, March 15

Wind & Surf 85 opens at Alexandra Palace for three days (p77)  
*Fidelio* at the Coliseum (p76)  
Centenary performance of *The Mikado* at the Barbican (p74)

## Saturday, March 16

Camden & East London festivals begin their festive fortnights (p77)  
Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* conducted by Charles Farncombe at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p75)  
Adrian Mitchell reads his poetry for children at the Unicorn Theatre (p77)  
National Shire Show takes place at the East of England Showground,

Peterborough (p82)

## Sunday, March 17

Royal Film Performance of David Lean's *A Passage to India* (p72)

□ St Patrick's Day

□ Mothering Sunday

## Monday, March 18

Verdi Requiem sung by the Goldsmiths Choral Union at the Festival Hall (p75)

## Tuesday, March 19

Lincoln's Inn's Old Hall plays host to Musica Reservata in the Camden Festival (p74)

## Wednesday, March 20

Concert performance of Caccini's *Euridice* in the Nereid Gallery of the British Museum (p76)

□ Spring Equinox

## Thursday, March 21

Bach 300th anniversary concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall (p74); Boris Christoff sings with the LPO at the Festival Hall (p75)

First night of Russian director Yuri Lyubimov's *The Possessed* at the Almeida Theatre, Islington (p70); last nights of Stephen Poliakoff's *Breaking the Silence* at The Pit & Brecht's *Mother Courage* at the Barbican (p71)

□ New moon

## Friday, March 22

The British Library opens its Signs of *The Times* celebrating the newspaper's bicentenary (p79)

New production of *Il barbiere di Siviglia* at Covent Garden (p76)

## Saturday, March 23

Last chance to see Harley Granville-Barker's *Waste* at The Pit (p70)

## Sunday, March 24

London Photography Fair at the Photographers' Gallery (p77)  
Bach Choir sing the St Matthew Passion at the Festival Hall (p75)  
Football: Milk Cup final at Wembley Stadium (p76)

## Monday, March 25

Annamaria Edelstein's collection of Old Master Drawings goes on show at

the Robin Symes Gallery (p79)

## Tuesday, March 26

William Douglas Home's comedy, *After the Ball is Over*, with Anthony Quayle, opens at the Old Vic (p71)  
Football: England play the Republic of Ireland at Wembley (p76)

## Wednesday, March 27

New exhibitions: the National Gallery's Masterpieces from the National Gallery of Ireland; the Tate's Political Paintings of Merlyn Evans (p79)

Mozart's *La finta semplice* at the Camden Festival (p76)

Football: Scotland play Wales at Glasgow (p76)

## Thursday, March 28

Watercolours go on show at the Bankside Gallery, animal regalia at the Commonwealth Institute (p78)  
Concert performance of Strauss's *Friedenstag* at the Logan Hall (p76)

## Friday, March 29

Gordon of Khartoum's centenary is commemorated at the National Portrait Gallery (p78)  
First day of the Edinburgh Folk Festival (p82)

## Saturday, March 30

Maazel conducts the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra at the Festival Hall (p75)

Horse racing: Seagram Grand

National at Aintree (p76)  
Rowing: Head of the River Race from Mortlake to Putney (p76)

## Sunday, March 31

What Would We Do Without You? celebrity gala at the Dominion (p77)

□ Palm Sunday

□ British Summer Time begins

**Briefing researched by Angela Bird and Penny Watts-Russell.**

Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for further details. Add 01- in front of seven-digit telephone numbers when calling from outside London.



The *Mikado* centenary: celebrated at the Barbican, March 15. The first day of spring: marked by the vernal equinox; March 20. The ideal home: at Earls Court, March 5.

THEATRE  
J C TREWIN

Russian director Yuri Lyubimov at work: *The Possessed* opens on March 21.

YURI LYUBIMOV, the former Moscow director now in charge of the Arena del Sole at Bologna, is bringing another of his Dostoevsky productions to London. His *Crime and Punishment* was warmly greeted at Hammer-smith in the autumn of 1983. *The Possessed* is his first production to originate in the West and has its British première (after performances in Paris and Italy) at the Almeida Theatre, Islington, on March 21. The theatre has masterminded the enterprise in co-operation with Giorgio Strehler (director of the Théâtre de l'Europe in Paris and the Piccolo Teatro in Milan) and Channel 4 Television who are to show an adaptation of the piece in the autumn. The large cast includes Michael Feast, Harriet Walter, Gillian Barge and Nigel Terry.

□ After Dickens and Schnitzler, the Old Vic moves on to a comedy by William Douglas Home in which Sir Anthony Quayle has his first part since the announcement of his knighthood. *After the Ball is Over*, opening on March 26 and staged by Sir Anthony's Compass Company, is set on the evening of a hunt ball while the House of Lords debates the final stages of the government's Abolition of Fox Hunting Bill.

□ Richard Briers appears at the Strand Theatre as a successful civil engineer, suddenly finding himself redundant, in Stanley Price's comedy *Why Me?* which opens on March 5. Diane Fletcher is his progressively more successful wife; Robert Chetwyn directs.

□ *Barnum*, the musical about the famous showman, is to be revived on March 14, now at the Victoria Palace, with Michael Crawford in his original part.

## NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

**The Government Inspector**

This is, thoroughly, a director's production; something we might have guessed, I suppose, on seeing the dog-eared documents in faded red tape massed about John Gunter's set. (As usual, in a sequence of rapid changes, our most imaginative designer has enjoyed himself.)

Richard Eyre does keep the night going at a stiff pace, in a new version by Adrian Mitchell suited to the frenzy of what becomes a grotesque farce—amusing sometimes, uninhibited always. But I may not remember Rik Mayall, at the centre of it all, as much as other actors who have played Gogol's unemployed clerk mistaken by the corrupt officials of a small town for the dreaded Government Inspector. Mayall, a

direct stand-up comedian, does lack the personality & invention of such men as Alec Guinness, Paul Scofield (with that celebrated overblown chrysanthemum of an accent) & Ian Richardson, who have acted Khlestakov in our time.

Jim Broadbent can be entirely in control as the Governor (more usually the Mayor), yet I did get worried by the amount of superfluous noise. Maybe it has been unwise to insert—as Adrian Mitchell has done—the troika speech from *Dead Souls*; Rik Mayall can hardly cope with it. Anyway, call this a brisk storm-along evening; & one that will possibly be recalled for the loyalty of its ensemble rather than for any exceptional performance. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

**The Mysteries**

If you happen to be one of the "promenaders" at *Doomsday*, third in the Cottesloe series of medieval Mysteries, you may be

cast cheerfully into Hell at the end of the night. At the première the victim of this special form of audience participation seemed perfectly happy; indeed, the action ends to the rhythms of a round dance.

As now superbly directed by Bill Bryden, the three plays, *The Nativity*, *The Passion & Doomsday*, come to us as an overwhelming medley of tragedy & of comedy from the blackest to the mildest, with a sense of simple devotion throughout. To see the plays in sequence on a single day, morning, afternoon & evening, was a revelation; but each may be seen separately.

The whole programme, the Bible story, from Adam & Eve to the last Judgment, is a conflation made by Tony Harrison (with the company) from some of the best-known Mystery cycles, & presented in the working clothes & predominantly northern accents that take us back to the Guildsmen of six or more centuries ago. The acting, in & round the audience, is under the warm, thick glow from a glorious variety of improvised lamps made from dustbins, graters, colanders & goodness knows what else, all helping towards a striking chiaroscuro.

From an extraordinary run of effects, I think of the Birth, with Dinah Stabb quietly moving as the Virgin; Jesus (Karl Johnson) prepared for crucifixion, an unsparing passage by the unknown author we call the York Realist; Edna Doré, as Mary the Mother, rising from her coffin to be enthroned; & at the last, the revolving wheel of Doomsday. Over all, Brian Glover presides as the bluntly matter-of-fact figure of God. The last words I recall were not from the Mysteries but from the Lyke-Wake Dirge which speaks for the night's haunted quality: "Fire & fleet & candle-lighte/And Christe receive thy saule." Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

**Waste**

As I entered The Pit, I heard someone say, "Not my kind of title, but we shall see." We did. Harley Granville-Barker's play, a neglected Edwardian masterpiece, returns with an exciting impact that might even have satisfied the exacting dramatist himself. The title which had seemed so worrying is explained in the last moment, the cry of a loyal secretary contemplating the tragic waste of his master's career—& life.

It has long seemed to me utterly needless to talk about "relevance". If a play is demonstrably right, its subject is immaterial; & the stage neglect of *Waste* over the years has been disheartening. True, it has had a complicated record. It was banned in 1907 because the narrative turned on an abortion, followed by arguments about this; and then silence until 1936 & Granville-Barker's new version which had no time to establish itself. John Barton, the RSC director, has now provided, with customary scholarship, a text which skilfully joins 1907 and 1936, giving the best of the young dramatist & of his older self.

If one must insist on "relevance", it would be simple enough to talk of the fate of this or that present-day politician whose career has crumbled owing to a single off-duty lapse. But why drag them in? *Waste*, a crossing of public & private life, is still enthralling because its people are precisely defined, & what they say is fastidiously & exactly phrased. The late drama critic Charles Morgan (who should have known) spoke of "unhurried distinction".

Granville-Barker wrote of an honest, undeviating man ("no sunshine in him" his

creator said) whose sudden, almost casual lapse finished him in the world of 1907. He reaches us so surely that we accept the ultimate suicide after he has been dropped from the coming Cabinet, & the task on which he has set his heart (the Disestablishment of the Church of England) is ruined. The dramatist makes us believe in Trebell, not just as a political careerist. We believe, too, in the woman whose death during an attempted abortion destroys him.

The parts are acted magnificently—I would not water down the word—by Daniel Massey, who persuades us of Trebell's imaginative devotion and final unwavering loyalty to his cause; & by Judi Dench as Amy O'Connell, the amorous married woman whom Trebell does not love, but whose fate can genuinely shock us. The night is wholly rich in performance; particularly in that intricate debating scene, with Tony Church's Prime Minister purringly watchful, Charles Kay as the man bound to his creed, & Bruce Alexander in that brief eruption as Amy's husband, far from the stock figure a lesser dramatist would have employed. At the last we have Maria Aitken's understanding in the part of Trebell's sister.

By no means an ordinary "period" piece, this must be a rare theatrical experience for all who listen (& concentrated listening is essential). The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). Until Mar 23, West End transfer to be announced.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Mar 1. *The Cabaret Piccadilly***

A new series of late-night Fri & Sat shows from 11.15pm until 2am, with discothèque. Mar 1,2, Lenny Henry with *The Mint Juleps*; Mar 8,9, *The Oblivion Boys* with *Fascinating Aida*; Mar 15,16, *The Joeys*; Mar 22,23, *Hank Wangford*; Mar 29,30, Neil Innes with *The Millies*. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 6005, cc 379 6565).

**Mar 4. *Night, Mother***

Award-winning American play by Marsha Norman, about the relationship between a mother & her daughter. With Susan Woolbridge & Marjorie Yates. Hampstead, Swiss



Rik Mayall in *The Government Inspector* at the Olivier Theatre; see new reviews.

Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

#### Mar 5. **Why Me?**

Comedy with Richard Briers & Diane Fletcher. See introduction. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

#### Mar 6. **Other Places**

Colin Blakely & Dorothy Tutin head the cast in three plays by Harold Pinter: *Victoria Station*, *One For the Road* & *A Kind of Alaska*. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, cc).

#### Mar 7. **The Taming of the Shrew**

Shakespeare's comedy, in a production by Ultz, with an all-woman cast including Fiona Victory, Susan Cox & Jean Boht. Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15 (534 0310). Until Apr 6.

#### Mar 12. **Old Times**

Liv Ullman, Michael Gambon & Nicola Pagett in this revival of Harold Pinter's play. Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191, cc). Until Mar 23.

#### Mar 14. **Barnum**

Michael Crawford returns to London in the title role. See introduction. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

#### Mar 21. **The Possessed**

Yuri Lyubimov's production of Dostoevsky's book. See introduction. Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404, cc). Until Apr 20.

#### Mar 22. **Tom & Viv**

Michael Hastings's play about the turbulent relationship between T. S. Eliot & his wife, with Edward Hermann & Julie Covington in the title roles. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

#### Mar 26. **After the Ball is Over**

Anthony Quayle in a comedy by William Douglas Home. See introduction. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until May 4.

## ALSO PLAYING

#### **The Ancient Mariner**

Among the resourceful effects in Michael Bogdanov's pictorial realization of Coleridge's poem we can be grateful for the steady voice of Michael Bryant. Olivier, National Theatre. South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Until Apr 19.

#### **Animal Farm**

Peter Hall's lucid & exciting dramatic version of George Orwell's satire. Olivier.

#### **Benefactors**

Michael Frayn's closely argued variation on the theme of change. With Polly Adams, Clive Francis, Jan Waters & Glyn Grain. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

#### **Breaking the Silence**

Stephen Poliakoff's excellent play about a once wealthy Moscow household caught up in the aftermath of the Russian Revolution deserves a longer & wider life. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). Until Mar 21, West End transfer to be announced.

#### **The Business of Murder**

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty, with Eric Lander & Richard Todd. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

#### **The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial**

Herman Wouk's celebrated American drama, done first in London in 1956, is now revived with Charlton Heston & Ben Cross. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc). From Feb 28.

#### **Cats**

Andrew Lloyd Webber's version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

#### **The Comedy of Errors**

A revival over-stuffed with comic contrivances is directed by Adrian Noble & performed loyally by its RSC cast. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc). Until Mar 23.

#### **Coriolanus**

Ian McKellen grandly dominates the Peter Hall production; & he could not have a stronger Volumnia than Irene Worth. Olivier.

#### **Daisy Pulls It Off**

Gabrielle Glaister now plays the heroine in Denise Deegan's parody of 1920s school stories. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

#### **The Devils**

John Whiting's adaptation of Aldous Huxley's book about the revenge taken by some French Ursuline nuns on a priest who refused to become their director makes a dire narrative. The Pit. Until Mar 19.

#### **Evita**

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

#### **Fool for Love**

The combination of Sam Shepard as author, Peter Gill as director, & Julie Walters & Ian Charleson as players sends this National Theatre production to the West End. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc 434 1050). Until Mar 30.

#### **42nd Street**

An American musical that is a benign example of show business at its unselfconscious best. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

#### **Glengarry Glen Ross**

A sardonically accurate American comedy by David Mamet. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

#### **Hamlet**

Matthew Marsh plays the prince, with Michael Cronin as Polonius. Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363). Until Mar 16.

#### **The Hired Man**

Howard Goodall's score, to a libretto by Melvyn Bragg, is the making of this musical, set over a quarter of a century ago in Cumbria. It is sincere enough, but moves dangerously towards monotony now & then. Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (734 4287, cc).

#### **Kelly Monteith in One**

One-man show for this American comedian. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 741 9999).

#### **Little Eyolf**

Henrik Ibsen's searching, domestic drama, directed by Clare Davidson. With Diana Rigg, Ronald Pickup & Cheryl Campbell. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Mar 30.

#### **A Little Hotel on the Side**

John Mortimer's version of the Feydeau-Desvallières farce is wildly successful. Olivier.

#### **Little Me**

This American musical, book by Neil Simon & music by Cy Coleman & Carolyn Lee, has seven parts for Russ Abbot, varying between youth & near-senility. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, cc 930 0844). Until May.

#### **Little Shop of Horrors**

Musical about a plant, a blend of cactus & octopus, that grows into a terror. An acquired taste. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

#### **The Lonely Road**

The British premiere of Schnitzler's romantic tragedy, with Anthony Hopkins as the Bohemian artist. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). Until Mar 16.

#### **Me & My Girl**

The "Lambeth Walk" musical restored, now with Robert Lindsay, Frank Thornton & Emma Thompson. Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (836 7611, cc 836 7358).

#### **The Mill on the Floss**

Margaret Wolfit portrays the characters from George Eliot's book in this one-woman show. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc). Feb 25-Mar 16.

#### **Mother Courage**

Thanks to Judi Dench, the wanderings of Brecht's camp-follower from the Thirty Years War are more bearable than usual. Barbican. Until Mar 21.

#### **The Mousetrap**

Though now in its 33rd year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

#### **My Brother's Keeper**

Nigel Williams's play is set in a hospital ward where a distinguished actor (played by Reginald Marsh) lies gravely ill, attended by his wife & two sons. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc). Until Mar 23.

#### **The Nerd**

Rowan Atkinson plays the definitive bore perfectly in an American comedy by Larry Shue. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 379 6233). Until Mar 16.

#### **Noises Off**

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, the kind of wild touring business that can breed catastrophe. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219).

#### **Of Mice & Men**

Steinbeck's exciting drama of the Californian country, re-created after a long absence. Lou Hirsch, Duncan Preston & Susan Penhaligon lead the cast. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

#### **On Your Toes**

A grand musical. Now with Galina Panova; Doreen Wells dances Wed evening & Sat matinees. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

#### **The Playboy of the Western World**

Druid Theatre Company, from Galway, in their production of J. M. Synge's bitter comedy.

Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6433). Feb 26-Mar 23.

#### **The Pope's Wedding**

Edward Bond's first play, an uncompromising glance at village life, is revived here with Tony Rohr as the enigmatic hermit & Gary Oldman as a young man who resolves to understand & ultimately to replace him. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc). Until Mar 9.

#### **Pump Boys & Dinettes**

A pleasant concert of country music with Paul Jones in the lead. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

#### **The Road to Mecca**

New play by Athol Fugard, with Yvonne Bryce-land as a South African sculptress. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

#### **Run for Your Wife**

Robin Askwith & Peter Sallis hurtle across the stage in Ray Cooney's farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

#### **Saved**

Revival of Edward Bond's controversial play which became notorious in 1965 because of a scene where a baby is stoned to death. Royal Court. Until Mar 7.

#### **The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole Aged 13½**

Sue Townsend's painstaking, but not particularly absorbing, play about the hero of her best-selling diary. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

#### **The Seven Year Itch**

George Axelrod's comedy about a grass widower & his fantasies of sexual freedom, with Patrick Mower & Adrienne Posta. Directed by James Roose-Evans. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

#### **She Stoops to Conquer**

Goldsmith's comedy as it should be acted, especially by Tony Haygarth & Julie Watson. Lyttelton.

#### **Singin' in the Rain**

Tommy Steele takes us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 734 8961).

#### **Starlight Express**

Andrew Lloyd Webber & director, Trevor Nunn, play amiably at trains, & the roller-skaters flash up, down & round the theatre. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262).

#### **Stepping Out**

Richard Harris's delightfully organized study of an amateur tap-dancing group is acted (& danced) with enthusiasm. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122 cc 836 9837).

#### **Strippers**

Last play by Peter Terson about housewives in the north-east who turn to stripping in pubs & clubs to earn extra cash. Bill Maynard plays a club manager. Yvonne Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191, cc). Feb 25-Mar 9.

#### **Trumpets & Raspberries**

Griff Rhys Jones in a slap-happy farce that is hardly Dario Fo at his richest. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (240 9661, cc 379 6433).

#### **Twelfth Night**

A splendidly organized revival, directed by John Caird, with Emrys James's overwhelming Malvolio, Zoë Wanamaker's Viola & the Toby & Andrew of Stephen Moore & Daniel Massey. Barbican. Until Mar 19.

#### **Two Into One**

Last performances by Donald Sinden & Michael Williams as master-gibberers in Ray Cooney's grand farce that looks like becoming legendary. A new cast leads transfer in May. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 741 9999). Until Mar 13. Transfer to be announced.

#### **The Way of the World**

Congreve re-animated behind the gilt picture-frame. Maggie Smith, Joan Plowright, Michael Jayston—indeed the cast as a whole—are joyfully right under William Gaskill's direction. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

#### **West Side Story**

Bernstein's gang-war musical (Sondheim lyrics) returns as freshly as though the Sharks & the Jets had never been away. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606, cc 930 4025).

#### **Wild Honey**

Michael Frayn's version of Chekhov's earliest play has Ian McKellen as the womanizing school-master, Platonov. Lyttelton.



Daniel Massey and Judi Dench give magnificent performances in *Waste*, Harley Granville-Barker's neglected Edwardian masterpiece, at The Pit: see new reviews.

# BRIEFING

## CINEMA

### GEORGE PERRY



Peggy Ashcroft as Mrs Moore in David Lean's *A Passage to India*; this year's Royal Film.

THIS MONTH SEES the formal launch of British Film Year on March 17 with the Royal Film Performance of *A Passage to India* (reviewed below), David Lean's long-awaited return to the cinema and his first work since *Ryan's Daughter*. Its selection was one of the most carelessly guarded secrets of recent years, but the film, produced by Lord Brabourne and Richard Goodwin, is an excellent and appropriate choice.

□ Occasionally the film industry can move fast, or get things done. Last summer the huge 007 Stage at Pinewood Studios was burnt to the ground. In January the completely rebuilt structure, the largest film stage in the world, was formally reopened, now designated "The Albert R. Broccoli 007 Stage" after the celebrated producer of the James Bond films. The latest 007 film, *A View to a Kill*, was being shot within at the time of the opening, on a set representing a silver mine under San Francisco.

□ Just opened at the Lumiere is *Heimat*, a 15-hour German saga which was a surprise hit at last November's London Film Festival. Artificial Eye, who run the cinema, are to be congratulated on their imaginative programming which has enabled this extraordinary work to be seen.

□ David Quinlan's *British Sound Films: The Studio Years 1928-1959* (Batsford, £20) is an excellent, if expensive, addition to the film bookshelf for British Film Year. Expect a spate of books on this subject (including two, both reissues, from your own reviewer!).

## NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

### Carmen (PG)

Francesco Rosi's film is one of the most successful ever made from a popular opera, & actually manages to preserve its musical & dramatic integrity without compromising its cinematic strength. The American singer, Julia Migenes-Johnson, is a fiery Carmen, a magnetic figure in spite of her lack of height. Plácido Domingo's Don José seems somewhat subdued in comparison, but his singing is remarkable.

Rosi took his cameras to the mountains of Andalusia, & the whitewashed town & ancient bullring of Ronda stand in for 19th-century Seville. The film has the merit that in spite of a rich musical soundtrack it still looks like a film, particularly where the crowd scenes are concerned. The mood is set with the opening credits which show in

close-up the final moments of a bullfight, heralding the tragedy which is to follow. Rosi has mixed colour, music & spectacle to create the most exciting film version yet of Prosper Mérimée's tale. Opens Mar 14.

### City Heat (15)

Burt Reynolds & Clint Eastwood co-star as, respectively, ex-cop turned private eye & hardline police detective in a studio-bound Kansas City of the 1930s.

Richard Benjamin's film is both a homage to the great crime films of that period as well as an unashamed capitalization of the box-office appeal of its two heroes, with Eastwood in particular hovering close to self-parody. Rip Torn is a sinister underworld boss, Madeline Kahn a feisty heiress, fiancée & kidnap victim, & Jane Alexander a loyal Girl Friday.

In spite of the spilling of much lethal ketchup, a jokey pace is maintained, & the bickering & feuding of the macho pair are reminiscent of great comic partnerships of the past, with the nimble Reynolds providing the slapstick, & the deadpan Eastwood playing straight man. Opens Mar 1.

### Dance with a Stranger (15)

The Ruth Ellis case was the turning point

for many British people as far as the death penalty was concerned, & the unfortunate woman's execution in 1955 was surrounded by bitter controversy. Mike Newell's film, written by Shelagh Delaney, is a straightforward account of the events which led to the peroxided hostess of a drinking club emptying a revolver into a dissolute former lover outside a Hampstead pub.

Apart from an off-camera reading of her condemned cell letter to the man's mother, none of the events following her arrest is depicted. The decision is deliberate, but it may be mistaken. The assumption by today's cinema-going generation might be that an unthinking society hanged her as a matter of course, because her crime was premeditated. At the press show young women feminists clapped & cheered when she fired the gun.

That aside, the film is as convincing a recreation of the 1950s London scene as we are likely to see, & Miranda Richardson & Ian Holm are excellent. Rupert Everett is less satisfactory as the lover—too modern in manner & appearance. The cad of his day would have been Brylcreemed & worn a belted raincoat with a school or regimental tie, even if he hadn't shaved. Opens Mar 1.

### Irreconcilable Differences (15)

A child divorces its parents? A new Californian law makes it possible, & young Drew Barrymore, all of nine years old, decides that she has had enough of both of them: Ryan O'Neal, playing a film teacher who becomes a bigtime movie director, on his uppers when his \$50 million epic flops, & Shelley Long, his former wife & screenwriter, who subsequently becomes a best-selling novelist & talk-show participant.

It is quite an amusing comedy, with an original idea at its heart, & manages some sly digs at the transient quality of Hollywood success. Charles Shyer, who wrote the screenplay with Nancy Meyers, directed.

### Ordeal by Innocence (15)

This is almost a parody of the sort of British film that once found its way into double bills 30 years ago.

Donald Sutherland plays a returned Polar scientist who calls on a Devon family to return an address book left in his car by a friend to whom he gave a lift two years earlier. He learns that this friend has since been executed after conviction of murdering his mother, but Sutherland reveals that, at the time of the murder, his friend was still in Sutherland's car. However there is an odd



Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis in *Dance with a Stranger*; see new reviews.

reluctance to reopen the case & gain a posthumous pardon because—as the audience realizes rather more quickly than the stranger—the real murderer is still in the house.

We are in Agatha Christie territory & certain implausibilities aside, it is a fair attempt, on a somewhat smaller scale than the Brabourne-Goodwin productions.

Donald Sutherland, with a curious hairdo, takes some getting used to as the unraveller of the crime, but Christopher Plummer, Annette Crosbie, Sarah Miles, Diana Quick & Ian McShane make the most of the creepy ménage, & Michael Elphick is an unhelpful police inspector. Sadly, Faye Dunaway, as the murdered woman, appears only in black-&-white flashback. Desmond Davis directed.

### A Passage to India (PG)

We have waited long for a new David Lean film & as he is now 76, we can scarcely hope for another. The screening of Forster's novel, in which the complexity of the Indian relationship to its declining Raj is examined through the experience of two women fresh to the sub-continent, has to some extent been superseded by *The Jewel in the Crown*, the television adaptation of Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet*, which in some ways is a pity, since there is a feeling here that the same ground is being reharrowed. But Lean, one of the most dominant forces in film, superimposes his view of India on almost every frame. A distant glimpse of a train crossing a moonlit plain, a mob baying outside a courthouse as the monsoon begins, an elephant lumbering up a mountainside with a genteel cargo of Englishwomen—such images have that vivid memorability for which he is renowned.

The performances that count are those of Peggy Ashcroft as Mrs Moore, the chief magistrate's mother, newly arrived in India & uncomfortable with the entrenched snoberies of the British there, & James Fox as Fielding, the non-conformist teacher.

Alec Guinness disappointingly retreats into caricature for his portrayal of Professor Godbole, an eccentric mystic; Judy Davis is either miscast or out of her depth as the closeted young English girl who is Mrs Moore's companion & the magistrate's fiancée; while Victor Banerjee overdoes the obsequiousness as Dr Aziz, the educated Indian whose ill-conceived picnic outing to the Marabar caves leads to a prejudiced rape trial. Admittedly these are faults, but the sheer spread of Lean's vision is breathtaking in itself, & carries us along. Opens Mar 18. Royal Film Performance in the presence of the Queen Mother in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2. Mar 17.

### Pavlova—a Woman for All Time (U)

Anglo-Russian film with Galina Beliaeva as the great ballerina & James Fox as her husband. Opens Mar 11. Royal première in the presence of the Duchess of Gloucester & Philip Ermaghe, the Russian Minister of Culture, in aid of the London Festival Ballet Development Fund. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1. Mar 10.

### Phar Lap—Heart of a Nation (PG)

Australian film about a famous racehorse of the 1930s & his almost mystical relationship with his young groom. With Judy Morris, Tom Burlinson & Martin Vaughan. Opens Mar 15.

### Scream for Help (18)

Michael Winner's film, set in the Woking-like suburbia of New Rochelle (& much of it shot in our own home counties, so

cunningly it scarcely shows), is a television-style thriller about a teenage girl who knows that her stepfather is trying to murder her rich mother, but can get no one to believe her. Winner uses unknowns & first-time performers, relying on plot twists, double crosses & mildly shocking violent effects to maintain the tension. The pace of his editing compensates for uninspired dialogue. Opens Mar 15.

#### Teachers (15)

Nick Nolte is a good teacher on the brink of defeat by the cynical system which allows illiterate people to graduate so that the zoo-like high school will not lose political support. His former student, JoBeth Williams, as a lawyer, attempts to fight, but finds her own profession equally uncaring. It is one of those Arthur Hiller institutional studies, like *The Hospital*, where idealists are pilloried for trying to stop the place from falling apart.

The view of education may be exaggerated (a woman teacher assailing a rival for hogging the duplicating machine, a certified lunatic enthralled a history class, a sports instructor who has made three girl pupils pregnant) but it holds the attention, & the towering Nolte, his voice a husky rasp, exerts a certain presence.

#### Thief of Hearts (18)

While a successful young couple are dining out on their wedding anniversary, their smart San Francisco house is being stripped of its valuables, & the woman's intimate journals are among the items stolen. Later, one of the thieves, aware that he knows her better than her husband does, swims into her ken & has an affair with her before she realizes that he is the family burglar.

The film is the directorial debut of Douglas Day Stewart, who also wrote it, having been previously responsible for the screenplay of *An Officer & a Gentleman*. In spite of glossy implausibility it has a certain elegance, & the performances of Steven Bauer as the attractive thief, Barbara Williams as the wife & John Getz as the husband, are capable. Opens Mar 8.

#### 2010 (PG)

In a way we did not want the loose ends of Kubrick's extraordinary 1968 film, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, tied up &, but for this new work—written, produced & directed by Peter Hyams, from Arthur C. Clarke's original novel—would have gone to our graves unaware of the source or the significance of the monoliths, or the reasons for the odd behaviour of the Discovery's computer, Hal. Somehow it is too glib to be told that the politicians messed up the programming.

Roy Scheider plays Heywood Floyd, years later, on an expedition to Jupiter to discover the secrets of the ill-fated expedition. He has to voyage on a Russian ship, captained by a woman cosmonaut played by Helen Mirren. Hal is reactivated, & so for that matter is Bowman, one of the earlier space travellers, played again by Keir Dullea. It is always hard for sequels to work, & while Hyams has made a creditable job of it, even with expensive special effects its impact is a shadow of its predecessor's. Opens Mar 5. Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of the Prince's Trust. Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2. Mar 4.

#### Wetherby (15)

With one bound David Hare leaps into the front rank of British directors with his first feature, from his own screenplay. Set in the Yorkshire town of its title, the plot is concerned with a middle-aged schoolteacher,

Vanessa Redgrave, who befriends a young man, Tim McInnerny, who has gatecrashed one of her dinner parties, only to have him inexplicably blow his brains out over her breakfast table. The trauma unleashes a flood of flashbacks of an affair in the 1950s which appears to relate to the tragedy.

A supporting cast of high calibre, including Judi Dench, Ian Holm & Stuart Wilson, is to hand, as well as Joely Richardson, a fourth-generation Redgrave making a most convincing debut playing the young Vanessa, in 1953. Hare's sense of dramatic structure brilliantly holds the fragments together, & the film has a remarkable unity. Opens Mar 8.



Vanessa Redgrave as a teacher in *Wetherby*, opening on March 8: see new reviews.

### ALSO SHOWING

#### All of Me (15)

A very funny film by Carl Reiner, with Steve Martin as a jazz-playing lawyer whose soul is taken over by that of a wealthy spinster (Lily Tomlin) after her death.

#### Amadeus (PG)

Miloš Forman has filmed Peter Shaffer's immensely successful play about the jealousy felt by the 18th-century composer Salieri towards the youthful & uncouth Mozart. The look & sound of the film are superb but it is marred by its variable styles of acting & its hysterical final scenes.

#### Blood Simple (18)

An auspicious feature film debut by the Coen brothers. Their thriller is full of plot twists as a detective shoots the husband who hired him to murder his wife; the wife's lover assumes she did it, & buries the body to absolve her, while she thinks he has gone mad.

#### Brazil (15)

Terry Gilliam's ambitious parable is almost a *tour de force* & manages to lard its sinister message with a certain amount of humour. Set in a grim, grey future, it features Jonathan Pryce as an employee of the Ministry of Information, trying to reach a greener, more romantic world.

#### Les chiens (15)

Alain Jessua's film, about a dog-crazy modern community which gets out of hand, has taken six years to reach us, during which time its leading actor, Gérard Depardieu, has become France's Robert Redford. That this feeble work should now be released can only embarrass him.

#### Country (PG)

Jessica Lange plays an Iowa farmer's wife facing wrecked crops & imminent foreclosure in the wake of a tornado. Brilliant performance by Sam Shepard as her estranged, drunken husband.

#### Finders Keepers (15)

Dick Lester's new film, whose plot involves the theft of \$5 million-worth of illegally earned money & a chase across America, is entertaining in parts

but has a curiously dated feel.

#### The Grey Fox (15)

Richard Farnsworth delivers an engaging performance as the 19th-century bandit emerging into 20th-century Canada after 33 years in prison. Director Phillip Borsos has succeeded in recreating the atmosphere of the Pacific north-west at the turn of the century.

#### Heimat (15)

Edgar Reitz's 15-hour film about life in a mythical German village between 1919 & 1982 was originally made for television. Here, it is to be shown in several instalments. See introduction.

#### Kings & Desperate Men (15)

Alexis Kanner's film has Patrick McGeehan as the host of a radio phone-in show who is kidnapped by the leader of a group of radicals (Kanner himself), attempting to have a legal case retried. Although stylish, it remains curiously implausible.

#### A Midsummer Night's Dream (15)

Lindsay Kemp dances Puck in his own ballet version of Shakespeare's story.

#### Number One (15)

Bob Geldof, Ian Drury & Mel Smith in the story of a snooker player (Geldof) forced by corrupt promoters to enter the professional circuit.

#### Places in the Heart (PG)

Disappointingly bland film with Sally Field as a noble young woman struggling to keep her young family in rural Texas after her husband's death.

#### A Private Function (15)

Alan Bennett's comedy about a pig being illegally reared to be served up at the 1947 royal wedding celebrations is rich in humour, with acute observations of British foibles.

#### Repo Man (18)

Alex Cox's crazy, hilarious film is an engaging blend of absurd sci-fi & punk road movie. Emilio Estevez plays a novice being taught the car repossession business by an old hand (Harry Dean Stanton).

#### She'll be Wearing Pink Pyjamas (15)

Julie Walters & an assorted group of women meet on an Outward Bound course in the Lake District & test their mettle via various hardships. Rather earnest & evocative of *The Guardian* women's page.

#### The Shooting Party (15)

James Mason effortlessly dominates this story of a country weekend in 1913 as a doomed empire faces the carnage of the Great War. A strong cast includes John Gielgud, Edward Fox, Dorothy Tutin, Robert Hardy, Cheryl Campbell & Rupert Frazer.

#### Utu (15)

New Zealand film, directed by Geoff Murphy, about the bitter struggle between the Maoris & colonial troops who massacred their people during the last century.

#### Vigil (15)

Sensitive film by Vincent Ward, with Penelope Stewart as a young New Zealand girl who plots with her grandfather (Bill Kerr) to remove a young man who has insinuated himself into their family after her father's death.

#### Water (15)

Entertaining comedy, with Leonard Rossiter as a civil servant trying to expel the population of a small island & use the place as a nuclear dumping ground. Michael Caine, as the eccentric governor, opts for UDI while an American oil company clashes with the French over a new mineral water discovered there.

#### Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition, but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

#### BAFTA Award Ceremony

Mar 5. Princess Anne presents this year's British Academy of Film & Television Arts awards at Grosvenor House Hotel, W1. To be shown on BBC1 the same evening.

#### James Ivory & Ismail Merchant season

Mar 1-21. Films showing the development of this successful partnership from *The Householders* in 1963 to last year's *The Bostonians* & including, on Mar 17, a tribute to the late Jennifer Kendal. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

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# CLASSICAL MUSIC

## MARGARET DAVIES

AN EXPLORATION of the influence of Gustav Mahler and his Viennese circle on 20th-century culture is being undertaken in a series of concerts from March to June and September to October at the Barbican, the Festival Hall and the Albert Hall. All the Mahler Symphonies will be performed and his orchestral song cycles, as well as major works of the Second Viennese School and music by contemporary composers influenced by Mahler. Starting on March 14 at the Barbican, Claudio Abbado conducts the LSO in Mahler's Symphony No 1 and Berg's Violin Concerto. The London Sinfonietta gives two of the concerts on March 22 and 31. Allied events including operas, plays, cabaret, exhibitions and lectures will take place at other venues during the year.

□ In celebration of the 300th anniversary of the birth of Bach, the London Bach Society is giving concerts at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on March 12 and 21, at the second of which Dame Janet Baker, Patron of the Society, will sing a solo cantata. On the 16th the Society gives its annual performance of the St John Passion in St Marylebone Parish Church and on the 21st Simon Standage and Jennifer Ward Clarke play chamber music at the Drapers' Hall. Ticket inquiries: 088 33 7372.

□ Boris Christoff, the eminent Bulgarian bass, returns to London on March 21 for a concert of Russian music with the LPO at the Festival Hall. He will sing arias from rarely performed operas by Rimsky-Korsakov and Rachmaninov, and the Mussorgsky song cycle *Senza sole*.

□ The Hungarian-born conductor Laszlo Heltay has been appointed music director of the Royal Choral Society to succeed Meredith Davies, who is shortly to take office as President of the Incorporated Society of Musicians. Founded in 1871, the Royal Choral Society has 250 members; it presents seven or eight concerts a year and has been involved in many recordings including the "Classic Rock" and "Hooked on Classics" series. It takes part in a performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* at the Festival Hall on March 14. Laszlo Heltay, who came to Britain in 1957, is musical director of the chorus of the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields, the Brighton Festival Chorus and the Collegium Musicum of London.

## CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

### ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Mar 15, 22, 7.45pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Wordsworth; Philip Fowke, piano. Vaughan Williams, Overture The Wasps; Delius, On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Nutcracker Act II. Mar 21, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Willcocks; Felicity Lott, soprano; Catherine Wyn-Rogers, contralto; Maldwyn Davies, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass. Bach, Mass in B minor (performed in the presence of the Prince of Wales on the 300th anniversary of Bach's birth).

### BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Mar 2, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Hickox; Jorge Bolet, piano. Rossini, Overture Semiramide; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica).

Mar 3, 7.30pm. **London Concert Orchestra**, **London Choral**, Fanfare Trumpeters from the Band of the Welsh Guards, conductor Coleman; Josephine Barstow, soprano. Opera gala night. Rossini, Verdi, Mascagni, Offenbach, Puccini, Borodin, Bizet.

Mar 7, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Levi; Christian Zacharias, piano. Mussorgsky, Khovanshchina Prelude; Rachmaninov, Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini; Prokofiev, Romeo & Juliet Suite.

Mar 10, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Groves. Elaine Woods, soprano; Penelope Walker, contralto; John Mitkinson, tenor; Donald McIntyre, bass. Tippett, Ritual Dances from The Midsummer Marriage; Beethoven, Symphony No 9 (Choral).

Mar 14, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Abbado; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Ligeti, Lontano; Berg, Violin Concerto; Mahler, Symphony No 1.

Mar 15, 7.45pm. **New Concert Orchestra**, **London Savoyards Chorus**, conductor Murray; Sally Gilpin, choreographer; Tom Hawkes, director; John Reed, Ko-Ko; Gillian Knight, Katisha; Geoffrey Shovelton, Nanki-Poo; Forbes Robin-

son, Poo-Bah. Gilbert & Sullivan, The Mikado (costumed performance to mark the centenary of the first production at the Savoy Theatre in 1885).

Mar 21, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, **Douglas House School Boys' Choir**, conductor Abbado; Jessye Norman, Dunja Vejzovic, sopranos. Berg, Three Pieces Op 6, Wozzeck fragments; Mahler, Kindertotenlieder; Bach/Schönberg, Prelude & Fugue.

Mar 22, 7.45pm. **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Masson; Teresa Cahill, Adrienne Csengery, sopranos. Křenek, Kleine Sinfonie Op 58; Webern, Concerto Op 24; Dallapiccola, Greek Lyrics; Kurtág, Scenes from a Novel; Schönberg, Chamber Symphony No 1.

Mar 24, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor N. Del Mar; Marius May, cello. Elgar, Overture Cockaigne, Pomp & Circumstance No 4, Cello Concerto in E minor Op 85, Enigma Variations.

Mar 28, 7.45pm. **London Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Abbado; Bruno Canino, Antonio Balista, pianos; Berio, Concerto for Two Pianos; Mahler, Symphony No 5.

Mar 31, 7.30pm. **London Sinfonietta**, conductor Rattle; Felicity Palmer, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Malcolm King, bass. Goehr, Little Symphony; Mahler, Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen; Shostakovich, Symphony No 14.

### CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Box office, Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

Mar 16, 8pm. **St Michael's Sinfonia**, **Highgate Choral Society**, conductor Corp. Stravinsky, Mass for voices & woodwind; Mozart, Serenade in E flat K375; Bruckner, Mass in E minor. St Michael's Church, South Grove, Highgate, N6.

Mar 17, 7.30pm. **Camden Chamber Choir**, conductor Lee-Cox; Rachel Cooper, mezzo-soprano; Jenny Stinton, flute; Brenda Stewart, viola; Aileen Brewer, harp. Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Debussy, Hindemith, Stanford, Copland. Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Rosslyn Hill, NW3.

Mar 19, 7.30pm. **Musica Reservata**, director Morrow; Jantina Noorman, mezzo-soprano; Bernard Thomas, flute, harpsichord; Adam Skeap-



Claudio Abbado, top: exploring the influence of Mahler from March 14 at the Barbican; Laszlo Heltay, above, taking over the Royal Choral Society (see introduction).

ing, viol; Christopher Wilson, Tom Finucane, lutes. 15th-century music for voice & instruments from Burgundy & England. Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, WC2.

Mar 23, 8pm. **London Bach Orchestra**, **Camden Choir**, conductor Williamson; Trevor Craddock, bass. Vaughan Williams, In Windsor Forest, Epithalamion; Brian, Four Part Songs. Hampstead Parish Church, Church Row, NW3.

Mar 25, 7.30pm. **Gabrieli Consort & Players**; Paul McCreesh, director & baroque cello; Susan Jones, Janet Cawwell, sopranos; John Mark Ainsley, Nicolas Robertson, tenors; Alan Ewing, bass; Jeremy West, cornett; Stephen Jones, Helen Orsler, baroque violins; Paula Chateaufort, chitarone, theorbo; Bernard Robertson, organ. Schutz, Monteverdi, music for Dresden & Venice. Gray's Inn Hall, South Sq, WC1.

Mar 28, 1.10pm. **Christopher Bowers-Broadbent**, organ. Messiaen, Livre d'Orgue. St Pancras Church, Euston Rd, WC1.

Mar 30, 7.30pm. **Martin Best Medieval Ensemble**. Songs & instrumental pieces by troubadours & trouveres of the 12th & 13th centuries. Old St Pancras Church, Pancras Rd, NW1.

### ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Mar 2, 7.30pm. **La Spiritata Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Ward; Robin Mason, cello. Mozart, Ballet Suite Les petits riens, Symphony in D (Paris); Haydn, Cello Concerto in C; Vivaldi, Two Concerti Grossi.

Mar 4, 1pm. **Jean-Philippe Collard**, piano. Fauré, Barcarolle No 1, Impromptu No 2, Nocturne No 13; Schumann, Papillons; Ravel, Sonatine, Oiseaux tristes, Alborada del gracioso (Miroirs).

Mar 11, 1pm. **Steven Isserlis**, cello; **Paul Coker**, piano. Bloch, From Jewish Life; Rachmaninov, Sonata in G minor Op 19.

Mar 13, 7.30pm. **Wren Orchestra of London**, con-

ductor, Kásprzik; Raymond Cohen, violin; Robert Cohen, cello. Schumann, Overture Manfred; Brahms, Double Concerto in D minor; Bizet, Symphony in C.

Mar 18, 1pm. **Salvatore Accardo**, violin; **Bruno Canino**, piano. Fauré, Sonata No 1; Webern, Four Pieces Op 7; Debussy, Sonata in G minor; Ravel, Tzigane.

Mar 22, 7.30pm. **Bournemouth Sinfonietta**, Jean-Bernard Pommier, director & piano. Mozart, Overture Così fan tutte. Piano Concerto No 26 (Coronation); Beethoven, Rondo in B flat for piano & orchestra; Haydn, Symphony No 86.

Mar 25, 1pm. **Peter Serkin**, piano. Mozart, Sonata in B flat K570; Chopin, Mazurkas Op 41 Nos 1-4; Beethoven, Sonata No 30.

Mar 27, 7.30pm. **Esterhazy Singers & Orchestra**, conductor Broadbent. Bach, Motet Lobet den Herrn; Milner, Salutation Angelica; Haydn, Mass in D minor (Nelson).

Mar 28, 1.15pm. **Carole Cerasi**, harpsichord. J. S. Bach, W. F. Bach, C. P. E. Bach.

Mar 30, 7.30pm. **Thameside Opera**, **City of London Sinfonia**, conductor Badacsonyi; Evelyn Nicholson, soprano; Terry Jenkins, tenor. Gluck, Don Juan, La Danza (latter semi-staged).

### SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

(FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR = Purcell Room)

Mar 3, 3.15pm. **Emil Gilels**, piano. Scarlatti, Seven Sonatas; Debussy, Pour le piano; Liszt, Sonata in B minor. FH.

Mar 3, 7pm. **Naomi Davidov**, piano. Berg, Sonata Op 1; Mendelssohn, Variations sérieuses; Beethoven, Sonata in C minor Op 111; Mussorgsky, Pictures from an Exhibition. PR.

Mar 5, 7.30pm. **Medici String Quartet**. Beethoven, Quartet in F Op 18 No 1; Bush, Dialectic; Cowie, Quartet No 4; Tippett, Quartet No 2. PR.

Mar 6, 7.30pm. **London Mozart Players**, **London Choral Society**, conductor Glover; Gianna Rolandi, Isobel Buchanan, sopranos; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Stephen Roberts, baritone; Simon Callow, narrator. Mozart, Overture, arias & duet from Die Entführung aus dem Serail, Mass in C minor K427. FH.

Mar 7, 5.55pm. **Hans Otto**, organ. Bach, Schumann, Reger. FH.

Mar 7, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**; Philip Ledger, director & harpsichord; José-Luis García, Maciej Rakowski, violins; Raymond Simmons, trumpet. Bach, Air on the G string, Concerto in D minor for two violins BWV1043; Purcell, Trumpet Tune & Air; Clarke, Trumpet Voluntary; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. FH.

Mar 8, 7.30pm. **BBC Symphony Orchestra**, conductor Boulez. Boulez, Rituel in memoriam Bruno Maderna; Stravinsky, Symphonies of Wind Instruments; Webern, Passacaglia Op 1, Variations Op 30; Berg, Three Pieces for Orchestra Op 6. (6pm. Pre-concert talk by Boulez.) FH.

Mar 10, 3.15pm. **I Musici**. Vivaldi, Concerto in D for four violins Op 3 No 1; Bonporti, Concerto in F with violin obbligato Op 11 No 5; Boccherini, Cello Concerto in B flat; Bach, Harpsichord Concerto in G minor BWV1058; Mozart, Divertimento in B flat K137. FH.

Mar 11, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Heath; Nigel Kennedy, violin. Rossini, Overture The Silken Ladder; Vaughan Williams, Greensleeves; Bruch, Violin Concerto No 1; Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral). FH.

Mar 11, 7.45pm. **Academy of London & Choir**, conductor Stamp; Gundula Janowitz, soprano; Ralph Kohn, baritone. Bach, Cantatas: Wacht auf ruft uns die Stimme. Weichet nur betrübte Schatten; Fauré, Requiem. EH.

Mar 12, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Tate; William Bennett, flute; Thea King, clarinet. Mozart, Overture The Marriage of Figaro, Clarinet Concerto in A K622, Flute Concerto in D K314, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter). FH.

Mar 12, 7.45pm. **Steinitz Bach Players**, **London Bach Society**, conductor Steinitz; Brian Rayner Cook, baritone; John Constable, harpsichord. Bach 300 Festival: Mar 12, Judith Rees, soprano; Paul Esswood, counter-tenor; Martyn Hill, tenor. Bach, Three cantatas BWV 207/213/215, Brandenburg Concerto No 1. Mar 21, Jennifer Smith, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Wynford Evans, tenor; William Cole, organ. Bach, Three cantatas BWV35/198/205, Brandenburg Con-

## POPULAR MUSIC

DEREK JEWELL



**Boris Christoff: singing Russian music with the LPO at the Festival Hall on March 21.**

Piano Concerto No 2; Rimsky-Korsakov, Overture Russian Easter Festival. *FH.*

Mar 27, 7.45pm. **Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields**, Iona Brown, director & violin; William Bennett, flute; Philip Pickett, Catherine Latham, recorders; Celia Nicklin, oboe; Michael Laird, trumpet; George Malcolm, harpsichord. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos 2-5. *EH.*

Mar 29, 7.45pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Handley; Misha Dichter, piano. Dvořák, Symphonic Variations; Liszt, Piano Concerto No 2; Rachmaninov, Symphony No 2. *FH.*

Mar 30, 7.30pm. **Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Maazel, Strauss, Don Juan; Stravinsky, Firebird Suite; Brahms, Symphony No 1. *FH.*

Mar 31, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Cleobury; John Ogdon, piano. Beethoven, Overture Coriolan. Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor), Symphony No 3 (Eroica). *FH.*

#### WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Mar 1, 7.30pm. **George Malcolm**, harpsichord. Handel.

Mar 3, 3.30pm. **Dmitri & Tanya Alexeev**, piano duet. Schumann, 12 Four Hand Piano Pieces Op 85; Schubert, Fantasy in F minor D940; Brahms, Hungarian Dances. Book 1 1-8.

Mar 5, 7.30pm. **Gérard Souzay**, baritone; **Robin Bowman**, piano. Beethoven, Brahms, Poulenc, Ravel, Rachmaninov, R. Strauss, songs.

Mar 6, 20.27, 7.30pm. **Imogen Cooper**, piano. Schubert, the last six years. Mar 6: Sonatas in A minor D845, in D D850, Drei Klavierstücke. Mar 20: Six Moments Musicaux, D780, Sonatas in C minor D958, in G D894. Mar 27: Four Impromptus D899, Sonatas in A minor D784, in B flat D960.

Mar 9, 7.30pm. **Peter Frankl**, piano; **György Pauk**, violin; **Ralph Kirshbaum**, cello. Fauré, Piano Trio in D minor Op 120; Janáček, Fairy Tale; Bartók, Rhapsody No 2; Schubert, Piano Trio in B flat D898.

Mar 10, 7.30pm. **Seppo Kallio**, guitar. Sor, Bach, Kucera, Villa-Lobos, Falla.

Mar 13, 7pm. **Nash Ensemble**; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano. Berio, Sequenza III; Mozart, Oboe Quartet in F K370; Puccini, I Crisantemi; Casella, Serenata; Dallapiccola, Rencsvals for voice & piano; Schumann, Piano Quartet in E flat Op 47.

Mar 16, 7.30pm. **Endellion String Quartet**. Mozart, Quartet in G K387; Webern, Five Pieces Op 5; Beethoven, Quartet No 14 in C sharp minor.

Mar 23, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Patricia Rozario, soprano; Philip Langridge, tenor; Roger Vignoles, piano. Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, Mussorgsky, Britten, Tippett, songs evoking the joys & pains of childhood.

Mar 24, 7.30pm. **Benjamin Verdery**. Guitar. Couperin, Brouwer, Bach, Newman, Albéniz.

Mar 25, 7.30pm. **Philip Jones Brass Ensemble**. Henry VIII, Berkeley, Ewald, Scarlatti, Howarth, Scheidt.

Mar 29, 7.30pm. **James Wood**, percussion; **Clive Williamson**, piano. Boulez, Piano Sonata No 2; Stockhausen, Kontakte for piano, percussion & live electronics.

The big event this month is without doubt the jazz week from March 18 to 23 which is part of the Camden Festival. For me this event has varied over the years between some highs (for example, the Chicago Art Ensemble and Gil Evans) down to some very pretentious lows indeed. This year there are some imaginative selections.

On March 18, at the Logan Hall, 20 Bedford Way, WC1, where all the concerts take place, the **Graham Collier International Big Band** play in their first British performance since they went to the Bracknell Jazz Festival in 1983. When bass player and composer Collier says "international", he means it. The trumpet section, for instance, is drawn from no fewer than five nations—Ted Curson (United States), Henry Lowther (Great Britain), Palle Mikkelberg (Denmark), Manfred Schoof (West Germany) and Tomas Stanko (Poland). Among other musicians in what sounds a most intriguing band are the British trombonist Malcolm Griffiths, that well known duo of British saxists, John Surman and Art Theman, and the guitarist Ed Speight.

Another most interesting programme, on March 21, is led off by a band called the **Beaver Harris French Horn Connection**. Apart from Mr Harris himself on drums, there are two French horn players as well as two outstanding American sax players, Sam Rivers and Ricky Ford. On the same night there is a performance by the British contemporary band **7 RPM**, and flautist **James Newton** performs his own composition for flute and string quartet and arrangements of music by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. Full details may be obtained from the box office at the Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Road, NW1 (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

One of the brightest developments of the past year has been the return of cabaret to The Ritz (493 8181), a venture that not unexpectedly has met with success. On



**Star performer, Tina Turner: her tour starts in Brighton on March 11.**

March 1 they are celebrating their first year with an all-star gala in which seven artists who appeared during the year will sing from 11pm onwards. They include **Adelaide Hall**, **Peter Skellern**, **Liz Robertson**, **Flaine Delmar**, the star of **42nd Street** **Clare Leach**, and **Lon Satton**.

Many of the artists on tour are veterans of the scene rather than new lights. That aged sex symbol, **Tina Turner**, for example, is about to shake her way around the circuit following her big revival last year, but she is noticeably not taking too long about it. She starts on March 11 at Brighton Centre (0273 202881) and finishes on March 23, after performing nine shows, two at the Wembley Arena (902 1234) on March 16, 17, one at the Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (021-780 4133) on March 23.

Shakin', too, will be the singer who adds **Stevens** to that name. He is doing a much longer tour—20 concerts in 17 venues—which starts at the Birmingham Odeon (021-643 6101) on March 22 and ends at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Road (580 9562) with concerts on April 12, 13.

The guitar hero of the 1960s and early 1970s, **Eric Clapton**, is also playing a handful of dates. After a concert at Birmingham NEC on March 2, he performs at Wembley Arena on March 4. I last saw him in the Ronnie Lane Concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Muscular Dystrophy Fund, and he seemed in good fettle. I imagine he will keep feet and heads warm this time too.

The group who made it biggest of all at the end of 1984, **Wham!**, are catching up on some concerts which they could not give when George Michael was injured in December. If you have not got tickets for them yet you may find you can get them only at inflated prices from touts. Wham! perform on March 2, 5 at the Bournemouth International Centre (0202 297297) after having played at the NEC in Birmingham on February 26, 27, but do not come into London on this occasion.

As reported last month, **Joan Armatrading** will be rounding off her February tour in the first days of March. She is at Hamersmith Odeon (748 4081) for four nights from March 1 to 4 and is well worth hearing, though I believe her best music was produced in her earliest years before the formula merchants got hold of her.

Ronnie Scott's Club (439 0747) has its usual quota of jazz stars. If you hurry you can just catch saxist, **Benny Golson**, who finishes off his season there on March 1, 2. Then for a week, March 5 to 9, comes the great trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** and his Quintet. **Richie Havens** begins a two-week season on March 25 until April 6.

There is a strong American flavour at the Pizza Express (437 7215), with that wonderful former Count Basie trumpeter, **Harry "Sweets" Edison**, playing on March 6, and the equally renowned tenor saxophonist, **Al Cohn**, joining our own piano virtuoso, **Eddie Thompson**, for a series of dates in the middle of the month. Cohn and Thompson play from March 13 to 16 and follow a Wednesday to Saturday pattern for the rest of the month. Among the home-bred stars are **Danny Moss** with his Quartet and **Jeanie Lamb** (March 7) and the **Jack Parnell Sextet** (March 9). The same pairing is at Pizza on the Park (235 5550) on March 15, 16, and **Bill LeSage** (March 4 to 7), **Beryl Bryden** (March 1, 2) and the American comedienne, **Joan Rivers** (March 28 to 30), are other performers appearing at this elegant venue at Hyde Park Corner.

## BALLET

### URSULA ROBERTSHAW

SEVERAL PREMIERES are given this month. At the Royal Opera House on March 9 Michael Corder's third one-act ballet for the Royal Ballet, *Number Three*, set to Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No 3, has its first performance. Lesley Collier, Mark Silver and Bryony Brind lead, supported by a small *corps de ballet*; and the work has a designer new to the company, Helen Frankenthaler.

□ Ballet Rambert's season at Sadler's Wells from March 13 to 30 brings four London premières: Bruce's *Sergeant Early's Dream*, danced to traditional folk music from Ireland, Britain and America; the company's first performance of North's *Death and the Maiden*; a new ballet by the American choreographer Dan Wagoner to a score by Michael Sahl; and Alston's *Wildlife*, in Richard Smith's spectacular set. There is also a world première of Alston's *Mythologies*, danced to a score by Nigel Osborne.

#### BALLET RAMBERT

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916/20 cc).

Four programmes. See introduction, Mar 13-30.

#### ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 240 1911).

**The Sleeping Beauty**, 1977 version, produced under the supervision of Ninette de Valois. Mar 1, 16 at 1.30pm, 23.

**Ballet Imperial**, new production of Balanchine's grand classic; **Different Drummer**, MacMillan's vision of Büchner's *Woyzeck* with music by Webern & Schönberg; **Façade**, the combined genius of Ashton & Walton brings the evening to a witty & enjoyable end. Mar 2, 6.

**The Firebird**, Fokine's fairy-tale danced to Stravinsky's imperishable score; **Return to the Strange Land**, moving choreography by Jiji Kylián & a fine score by Janáček; Corder's **Number Three**—see introduction. Mar 9, 12, 14, 29. **Manon**, MacMillan's choreography, Massenet's music (not the opera) & Georgiadis's designs combine to tell a story of a femme fatale & a student. Mar 19, 27, 30.

**The Firebird**, **Different Drummer**, **Façade**. Mar 20.

**Ballet Imperial**; **L'Invitation au Voyage**, Corder's interpretation of five poems with music by Duparc, danced in memorable settings by Yolanda Sonnabend; **The Firebird**. Mar 25, 28.

#### Out of town

##### LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Congress Theatre, Eastbourne (0323 36363).

**La Sylphide**, Schaufuss's excellent production. Mar 4-7.

**L'Arlesienne**, Petit's choreography, Bizet's music; LFB première of Béjart's *Song of a Wayfarer*, to Mahler's music; **Don Quixote pas de deux**; **Etudes**. Mar 8, 9.

Apollo Theatre, Oxford (0865 244544/5).

**Giselle**. Mar 11-14.

**L'Arlesienne**/*Song of a Wayfarer*/*Don Quixote pas de deux*/*Etudes*. Mar 15, 16.

##### SCOTTISH BALLET

Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc).

**New triple bill**: Michael Clark's first work for a major British company, **Hail the Classical**, with music by Ravel & post-punk band; Peter Royston's **Pococurantis**, to a commissioned score by Paul Robinson; a **new work** by Christopher Bruce. Mar 29 (royal gala) - Apr 4.

## OPERA

### MARGARET DAVIES

LA FINTA SEMPLICE, which Mozart wrote at the age of 13, will be given its first British production at the Camden Festival, and there will be concert performances of three other rare works: Caccini's *Euridice*, one of the earliest surviving operas, Boito's *Nerone* and Richard Strauss's one-act *Friedenstag*, set at the end of the Thirty Years' War.

□ Alicia Nafé and Deon van der Walt make their débuts with the Royal Opera in Michael Hampe's new production of *The Barber of Seville*.

#### CAMDEN FESTIVAL

Box office: 388 1394, cc 387 6293.

**La finta semplice**, conductor Cleobury, produced by Robert Carsen for Park Lane Opera. Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1. Mar 27, 29, 30.

**Euridice**, performed by New London Consort. Nereid Gallery, British Museum, WC1. Mar 20.

**Nerone**, performed by Abbey Opera. Mar 26.

**Friedenstag**, performed by Chelsea Opera Group. Mar 28. Both at Logan Hall, Bedford Way, WC1.

#### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

**Tristan & Isolde**, conductor Friend, with Johanna Meier as Isolde, Kenneth Woolam as Tristan. John Tomlinson as King Marke. Mar 1.

**Count Ory**, conductor Parry, with John Brecknock as Count Ory, Isobel Buchanan as Countess Adele, Jane Edward as Isolier, Alan Opie as Raimbaud. Mar 2, 8, 13, 16, 21, 28.

**Xerxes**, conductor Mackerras/N. Davies (Mar 26, 29), with Ann Murray as Xerxes, Valerie Masteron as Romilda, Lesley Garrett as Atalanta, Christopher Robson as Arsamene, Jean Rigby as Amastre. Mar 6, 9, 12, 14, 22, 26, 29.

**Fidelio**, conductor Elder/Friend (Mar 27, 30), with Josephine Veasey as Leonore, Rowland Sidwell as Florestan, Dennis Wicks as Rocco, Malcolm Donnelly as Don Pizarro. Mar 15, 20, 23, 27, 30.

#### ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**I Capuleti e i Montecchi**, conductor Schonwandt,

with Tatiana Troyanos as Romeo, Katia Ricciarelli as Giulietta, Keith Lewis as Tebaldo, Matthew Best as Lorenzo. Mar 4, 7, 13, 15, 18, 21.

**Samson**, conductor Rudel, with Jon Vickers as Samson, Carol Vanness as Delila, Marie McLaughlin as the Israelite Woman, Robert Lloyd as Manoah. Mar 5, 8, 11, 16.

**Il barbiere di Siviglia**, conductor Ferro, with Thomas Allen as Figaro, Deon van der Walt as Count Almaviva, Alicia Nafé as Rosina, Enzo Dara as Bartolo. Mar 22, 26, 30 matinee.

#### Review

ENO's low-budget staging for a limited number of performances of Tchaikovsky's *Mazeppa* was in its combined strength & weakness a plea for a full-scale production of a score which unites the lyrical tenderness of *Onegin* with the blazing, brassy textures of some of the symphonies. Under Mark Elder's persuasive conducting its innate theatricality was unmistakable, but in David Alden's self-indulgent production the sufferings of individuals caught up in the political struggles of the Ukraine at the time of Peter the Great were turned into a chain-saw orgy of butchery & blood-letting. The point of a "recurring pattern in Russian history" could have been made more intelligently without the horror-film techniques by taking advantage of the powerful stage portraits drawn by Malcolm Donnelly (*Mazeppa*), Richard Van Allan (*Kochubei*), Felicity Palmer (*Liubov*) & Janice Cairns (*Maria*).

## SPORT

### FRANK KEATING

THIS MONTH'S Cheltenham Festival, from March 12 to 14, is not to be confused with the cricketing, musical and literary events of the same name later in the year. To half of England it means National Hunt racing, and almost all Ireland, too, it seems, comes over to give a darlin' jig to the prim watering hole that calls itself the Queen of the Cotswolds.

To the nation at large, from David Coleman in his Aintree titfer to Grandma Giles with her hatpin and 50p each way, the Grand National on March 30 might seem to be the whooping, end-of-term beano for National Hunt supporters. It is one heck of a pagan festival, yet to the real twill-trousered, check-capped fancy, the National represents just a cheery lucky-dip sideshow. To those in the know it is Cheltenham's three-day National Hunt Festival which is the sport's flamboyant showpiece. In 1977, for instance, John Burke, the jockey from County Meath, came over to win the Cheltenham Gold Cup and the Grand National inside three weeks. He was in no doubt. "Coming into the winner's enclosure at Cheltenham on *Royal Frolic* was the greatest moment of my life. It easily beat winning the National. The Gold Cup is the Blue Riband... the one every jockey wants."

## HIGHLIGHTS

#### ATHLETICS

Mar 2, 3. **16th European Indoor Championships**, Athens, Greece.

Mar 2, 3. **Open Decathlon & AAA Relay Championships**, Cosford, nr Wolverhampton, W Midlands.

Mar 3. **English Cross Country Championships** (men), Milton Keynes, Bucks.

Mar 9. **England v USA** (senior men), Cosford.



Carlos Lopes: Olympic hero (see below).

Mar 24. **World Cross Country Championships**, Lisbon, Portugal.

□ Highly appropriate that these spectacular championships are being hosted by Portugal, a country which has witnessed a remarkable boom in long-distance running since the Olympic drama last summer when, successively, Carlos Lopes won the Los Angeles men's marathon & the sparrow-like Rosa Mota (5ft 3in, & only 7 stone) won the country's first ever (bronze) women's Olympic medal. Since then Lopes, a 37-year-old carpenter's son, & Miss Mota, 26 & a locksmith's daughter, have enjoyed greater prestige in Portugal than any pop star or politician.

#### BADMINTON

Mar 20-24. **Yonex All-England Open Championships**, Wembley Arena.

#### BASKETBALL

Mar 30, 31. **National Championship finals**, Wembley Arena.

□ Last rites in a season that British supporters will see as a turning point. For 10 years the English Basketball Association has been dreaming of a leading League soccer club sponsoring the game—and buying a team to play in tandem with the footballers. In January, Manchester United bought the Warrington basketball franchise. What mergers might follow? If United's experiment is a success, rumours suggest that Tottenham Hotspur might sponsor Kingston & Aston Villa might back the present Birmingham Bullets.

#### FENCING

Mar 9. **Challenge Martini International Epée**: morning, preliminary rounds, St Paul's School, SW13; 7pm, finals, Seymour Hall, Seymour St, W1.

#### FOOTBALL

Mar 16. **Schoolboys' international**: England v W Germany, Wembley Stadium.

Mar 24. **Milk Cup final**, Wembley Stadium.

Mar 26. **England v Republic of Ireland**, Wembley Stadium.

Mar 27. **Scotland v Wales**, Glasgow.

#### London home matches:

**Arsenal v West Ham United**, Mar 2; **v Leicester City**, Mar 16.

**Brentford v Burnley**, Mar 5; **v Millwall**, Mar 16; **v Derby County**, Mar 30.

**Charlton Athletic v Barnsley**, Mar 2; **v Middlesbrough**, Mar 22.

**Chelsea v Southampton**, Mar 9; **v Norwich City**, Mar 23.

**Crystal Palace v Wolverhampton Wanderers**, Mar 9; **v Carlisle United**, Mar 17; **v Sheffield United**, Mar 30.

**Fulham v Crystal Palace**, Mar 2; **v Charlton Athletic**, Mar 16; **v Leeds United**, Mar 30.

**Queen's Park Rangers v Norwich City**, Mar 2; **v Ipswich Town**, Mar 16; **v Watford**, Mar 30.

**Tottenham Hotspur v Manchester United**, Mar 9; **v Southampton**, Mar 23; **v Aston Villa**, Mar 30.

**Watford v Luton Town**, Mar 9; **v Chelsea**, Mar 16.

**West Ham United v Stoke City**, Mar 9; **v Manchester United**, Mar 15.

**Wimbledon v Sheffield United**, Mar 2; **v Huddersfield Town**, Mar 16; **v Middlesbrough**, Mar 30.

#### HOCKEY

Mar 2. **Wales v England** (women), Swansea.

Mar 9. **Tipp-Ex Trophy**: England v Scotland (women), Wembley Stadium.

#### HORSE RACING

Mar 2. **Greenall Whitley Breweries Steeplechase**, Haydock Park.

Mar 12. **Waterford Crystal Challenge Trophy**, Cheltenham.

Mar 13. **Sun Alliance Steeplechase**, **Queen Mother Champion Steeplechase Challenge Trophy**, Cheltenham.

Mar 14. **Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup**, **Daily Express Triumph Hurdle**, Cheltenham.

Mar 23. **William Hill Lincoln Handicap**, Doncaster.

Mar 30. **Seagram Grand National Steeplechase**, **Sandeman Aintree Hurdle**, **Captain Morgan's Aintree Steeplechase**, Liverpool.

#### ICE SKATING

Feb 28-Mar 1. **British Ice Speed Championships**, Richmond Ice Rink, Twickenham.

Mar 3-9. **World Figure Skating Championships**, Tokyo, Japan.

#### ROWING

Mar 30. **Head of the River Race**, Mortlake, SW14 to Putney, SW15.

#### RUGBY

Mar 2. **Ireland v France**, Lansdowne Rd, Dublin.

Mar 2. **Scotland v Wales**, Murrayfield.

Mar 16. **England v Scotland**, Twickenham.

Mar 16. **Wales v Ireland**, Cardiff.

Mar 30. **Thorn-EMI County Championship final**, Twickenham.

Mar 30. **France v Wales**, Paris.

# LONDON MISCELLANY

## PENNY WATTS-RUSSELL

### EVENTS

Feb 28-Mar 25. **Stratford & East London Music Festival.** Orchestral & instrumental music, solo & ensemble singing, drama & classical dancing competitions. See introduction. Town Hall, East Ham, E6. Weekdays from 4pm, Sat from 10am. Each session 75p, OAPs & children 40p (season ticket £2). Festival programme (send sae) from Festival Secretary, 53 Cranbourne Ave, E11 (989 3266).

\*Mar 4-Sept. **"Mummy, what did you do in the Great War?"** Uniforms, photographs & ephemera show women at work in the First World War. Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

Mar 5-31, daily 10am-8pm. **63rd Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition.** Around the central feature of the village with its eight fully-furnished & equipped homes, 400 stands offer practical hints on home-making & every kind of labour-saving gadget. Earls Court, SW5. £3.20, OAPs & children £2.20.

\*Mar 6-11. **Women at Work from the Industrial Revolution to the 1930s.** Various aspects of working women's lives on display. National Museum of Labour History, Limehouse Town Hall, Commercial Rd, E14 (515 3229). Wed-Sat 9.30am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

Mar 7, 7pm. **A Celebration of the City of London. City Life & City Characters.** A concert of music & words at Prince Henry's Room, 17 Fleet St, EC4. One of a spring series of events offering the opportunity to discover the past glories of London & to delight in outstanding collections & exhibitions. Further details from Dilettanti, 44 Paddenswick Rd, W6 (inquiries 8.30-9.30am: 749 7096).

\*Mar 9, 10am. **Anna Maria Garthwaite.** A talk about the 18th-century woven silk designer, followed by a walk around the area of Spitalfields where she lived & worked. Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415). 2.30pm. A talk, followed by gallery tour, on the dress of the fashionable London lady in the 18th century, with reference to Anna Maria Garthwaite's work. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). While it is suggested that people would benefit by attending the whole day, it is likely to be quite strenuous. Both sessions are conducted by Imogen Stewart.

\*Mar 9, 10.30am-4pm. **Women in Tudor & Stuart England (1500-1700),** a one-day course at the Tower of London Education Centre on **London Women, Northern Women, Women in the Household, & Margaret Crammer—the first bishop's wife.** Tickets in advance (cheques payable to The Armouries, with sae) from The Education Officer, The Armouries, HM Tower of London, EC3. £4. OAPs & students £2.50.

Mar 9, 10am-5.30pm. **Victorian London—Images & Experiences.** Birkbeck College Saturday workshop on 19th-century London, with illustrated lectures & discussions. Contact Vanessa Harding, Department of History, Birkbeck College, Malet St, WC1. Tickets in advance £10 (inc lunch).

Mar 12-23. **Chelsea Antiques Fair.** An 1830 date-line for the furniture, silver, porcelain & glass displayed at some 40 stands at the fair's diamond jubilee. Chelsea Old Town Hall, Kings Rd, SW3. Daily (except Sun) 11am-7.30pm, Mar 23 until 6pm. £2, including catalogue.

Mar 15-17. **Wind & Surf 85.** The hows, whys & wherefores of the fast-growing sport of windsurfing are demonstrated at the National Windsurfing Exhibition, now in its 6th year. Alexandra Palace, N22. Fri 10am-8pm, Sat, Sun until 6pm. £2.50, children £1.50.

Mar 16-30. **Camden Festival.** More than 50 events in two weeks including concerts (see p74), jazz (see p75) & opera (see p76). Also see introduction. Programme from Gill Green, Festival Office, St Pancras Library, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (278 4444 ext 2451).

Mar 16-31. **East End Festival.** Music, visual arts, dance, cabaret & theatre. See introduction. Festival programme from Half Moon Theatre, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (791 1141).

Mar 24, 11am-5pm. **9th London Photography Fair.** A diversity of photographic images for sale from £5 upwards. Photographers' Gallery, 5 & 8 Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). 50p.

Mar 29, 9pm-midnight. **Georgian Rout.** 600 guests, in Georgian attire, circulate among gaming



On the buses: the Imperial War Museum shows women at work in wartime, from March 4.

THERE IS AN EXPLOSION of artistic and cultural activity in London this month as the festival season gathers momentum. The musical and dramatic talents of 2,000 amateurs from all over Britain are paraded at the Stratford and East London Music Festival from February 28 to March 25, while the Camden Festival, from March 16 to 30, provides a platform for a host of professional international musicians and dancers, including the Rumanian Marama Music and Dance Ensemble and the flamenco guitarist Paco Peña. Camden also features a series of concerts in historic buildings, including a programme of songs and instrumental pieces from 12th- and 13th-century France from the Martin Best Medieval Ensemble in the borough's oldest building, Old St Pancras Church.

A spectacular firework display on the Isle of Dogs on March 16 sparks off the East End Festival. A new play by East End playwright Tunde Ikoli for the Foco Novo Company is one of many events over a fortnight which draws on local talent.

□ From March 4 to 9 the lives of women of all ages, races and backgrounds are to be celebrated in a programme of exhibitions, talks, courses and films at teachers' centres, museums and libraries throughout London. London Women's History Week has been arranged around International Women's Day on March 8, and although it is primarily schools-orientated some events are open to the general public and these, marked with an \*, are included in the listings below. The week's events are co-ordinated by Kate Moorose and Jane Woodall, History and Social Sciences Teachers' Centre, 377 Clapham Road, SW9 (733 2935).

tables, chamber music players & other entertainments in the splendid interiors of the Fine Rooms of Somerset House. Champagne & Georgian desserts add a touch of flavour to an evening in aid of the Cleary Fund which makes grants towards the restoration of outstanding Georgian buildings. Tickets £25, double £40 (cheques payable to The Georgian Rout, with sae from: The Georgian Group, 37 Spital Sq, E1 (377 1722).

Mar 31, 7pm. **What Would We Do Without You?** Song & dance cavalcade in which 100 leading actors, actresses & celebrities—including Michael Hordern, Judi Dench, Cheryl Kennedy, Jimmy Tarbuck & Tim Curry—perform on behalf of Unicef. Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (580 9562, cc 323 1576). £10-£40 (£55 ticket allows you into the buffet & wine party after the performance).

### FOR CHILDREN

Mar 2-31, 4pm. **Screenstealers**, final month of the Junior NFT season featuring child actors: Mar 2,3, **Elephant Boy**, with Sabu; Mar 9,10, **Little Lord Fauntleroy**, with Ricky Schroder; Mar 16,17, **The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn**, with Eddie Hodges; Mar 23,24, **The Amazing Mr Blunden**, with Lynne Frederick; Mar 30,31, **The Wizard of Oz**, with Judy Garland. National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3232). £2.40, children £1.20, non-BFI members welcome if with a child.

Mar 16, 2.30pm. **Adrian Mitchell**, playwright & poet, reads his poems—some old, some new—about elephants, bananas & mashed potatoes. Unicorn Theatre for Children, Great Newport St, WC2 (836 3334). £1.50 (plus 10p non members).

□ Theatregoers aged four to 12 are eligible for membership of the Unicorn Club, which gives access to a wide range of activities, including workshops, parties & plays. Details from the above address or telephone 379 3280.

### LECTURES

#### BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

\*Mar 4-9. **Women in history:** Mar 4, 11.30am, **Women in the ancient Near East**, Dominique Collon; Mar 5, 11.30am, **Early Christian women**, Patsy Vanags; 1.15pm, **A man's world—women in ancient Greece**, Patsy Vanags; Mar 6, 11.30am, **Japanese women**, Victor Harris; 1.15pm, **Women in Islamic painting**, Barbara Brend; Mar 7, 11.30am, **Greek men, foreign women**, Patsy Vanags; 1.15pm, **Frogs in the well—women in China**, Frances Wood; Mar 8, 11.30am, **Roman women**, Susan Walker; 1.15pm, **Any Man's Equal**, Elizabeth Morgan as Dr Johnson's friend, Mrs Thrale; Mar 9, 11.30am, **Childhood & education in ancient Egypt**, Miriam Stead; 1.15pm, **Remarkable women in ancient Egypt**, Miriam Stead.

#### CHRISTIE'S IN THE CITY

10/12 Copthall Ave, EC2 (588 4424).

Mar 4,5,13,14,19, 5.30pm. **Saleroom seminars:** Mar 4, **Scientific instruments**, Jeremy Collins; Mar 5, **Japanese art**, William Tilley; Mar 13, **19th-century European pictures**, Philip Hook; Mar 14, **Chinese export porcelain**, Colin Sheaf; Mar 19, **Silver**, Charles Truman.

Limited numbers. Tickets on application only.

### ROYALTY

Mar 11, 11am. **The Queen** attends the Commonwealth Day Observance Service at Westminster Abbey & at 6.15pm, a reception at Marlborough House.

Mar 21. **The Queen Mother** has luncheon with the Lord Mayor of Westminster at Westminster City Hall & later attends a concert given by the English Bach Festival Trust, to mark the tercentenary of J.S. Bach, at Westminster Abbey, SW1.

Mar 26. **The Princess of Wales**, President, Dr Barnardo's, attends a fashion show for the charity at Grosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane, W1.

### SALEROMS

#### BONHAM'S

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Mar 14, 11am. Modern paintings including Hockney's **Fourth Love Painting**.

Mar 20, 11am. European watercolours.

Mar 22, 11am. Clocks & watches.

#### CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Mar 5, 2.30pm; Mar 6, 11am. Ancient glass, a collection formed by Dr & Mrs Kofler expected to realize over £1 million. On view Mar 3-6 pm.

#### Christie's in the City

Mar 12, 1pm. Wine (at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Pl, EC2).

#### CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Mar 7, 2pm. Mechanical music.

Mar 21, 2pm. Toys, trains & games.

Mar 26, 10.30am & 2pm. Tribal art.

#### PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Mar 6, noon. Lead soldiers & figures.

Mar 12, 11am. Blue Peter charity sale, Victorian paintings.

Mar 21, 11am. Art Nouveau, decorative arts & studio ceramics.

#### SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Mar 5, 11am & 2.30pm. European ceramics.

Mar 7, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Old Master, English & decorative prints, including a set of engravings by William Blake.

Mar 11, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Silver smallwork, objects of vertu, fans & portrait miniatures.

Mar 13, 11am. British paintings 1500-1850, including Constable's **Mary, William & George Patrick Lambert** & his earliest oil sketch for **Flatford Mill**, each estimated at £100,000.

Mar 14, 10.30am & 2pm. Postage stamps of the world including the Bermuda 1861 Postmaster's stamp estimated at £15,000-£20,000.

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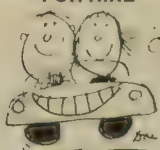
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## BRIEFING

## EXHIBITIONS

### EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

THE POLITICAL ART of the 1930s and 1940s is now being re-explored, after a long period of neglect. The latest exhumation—by the Tate Gallery—is of a group of political paintings by Merlyn Evans (1910-73), later well known for his abstracts. The exhibition, which opens on March 27, covers the decade 1935-45, and the subjects include the Hitler-Stalin pact, the Russian invasion of Finland, the Italians in Abyssinia, the destruction of Ravenna, the lynching of Mussolini and the murder of Masaryk.

□ At the National Portrait Gallery from March 29, a commemorative exhibition devoted to General Gordon marks the 100th anniversary of his death when Khartoum was stormed by the followers of the Mahdi. Gordon was an odd fish, so there is plenty of scope for an imaginative exhibition organizer. The show will include Val Prinsep's portrait of Gordon in the Mandarin costume presented to him by the Dowager Empress of China, as well as the costume itself; and G. W. Joy's emotive *The Death of Gordon* from Leeds City Art Gallery, which created the popular image of how Gordon died.

□ Gimpel Fils are currently holding a major retrospective of work by William Scott, dating from the 1960s and 1970s. The paintings have been previously exhibited in the United States, but never here. Scott's work—pure, airy and elegant—deserves reassessment. He has never been the most fashionable artist of his generation, but it increasingly looks as if he will be one of the most durable.

## GALLERIES

### BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. *Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour*, spring exhibition. Mar 28-Apr 21. 50p, OAPs & children 25p.

### BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. *Munch & the Workers*, 117 works by this great Norwegian Expressionist, previously unseen in Britain, illuminate Munch's sense of self-alienation. *Tradition & Renewal: Contemporary Art in the German Democratic Republic*. The first major exhibition of art from East Germany to be held in this country comes to London from the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford. Both until Apr 8. Admission to both £1.50, OAPs, students disabled, unemployed & children 75p.

### COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535). Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. *Cavalcade*. Thoroughly off-beat exhibition consisting of animal regalia from around the world—trappings for horses (including those for the horse of a Moroccan prince), & also for elephants, camels, oxen & donkeys. Mar 28-May 12.

### CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo Pl, Lower Regent St, SW1 (930

4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. *Early Soviet Ceramics & Textiles*. Shows how Soviet designers adapted old forms & invented new ones to symbolize the transformation of Russia after the Revolution. Until Apr 28 £1.20.

### FIELDBORNE GALLERIES

63 Queens Grove, NW8 (586 3600). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-1pm. *Londoners' London*. London life humorously observed by Audrey Lanceman in her small-scale watercolours of everyday life in the city. Mar 5-24.

### FINE ART SOCIETY

148 New Bond St, W1 (629 5116). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. *Sir Frank Brangwyn (1867-1956)*, paintings & drawings. Feb 25-Mar 22.

### GIMPEL FILS

30 Davies St, W1 (493 2488). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. *William Scott, paintings*. The work of one of the most consistent of senior British painters who has never suffered the loss of form which has affected so many artists of his generation. See introduction. Feb 26-Mar 30.

### HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. *Pierre Auguste Renoir*. All facets of the output of the



*Chinese Gordon* by Carlo Pellegrini: at the National Portrait Gallery from March 29.

most "Old Masterly" of the Impressionists are represented in this show of more than 90 paintings spanning his entire career. *John Walker: Paintings from the Alba & Oceania Series*. John Walker's most recent work, painted mostly in the United States & in Australia. Both exhibitions until Apr 21. Admission to both £2.50, OAPs, students, unemployed, children & everybody all day Mon & 6-8pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

### CHRISTOPHER HULL GALLERY

17 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0500). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. *Iana Richardson in Brazil*. Watercolours inspired by the colours & light of the Brazilian landscape. Mar 14-Apr 4.

### FRANCIS KYLE GALLERY

9 Maddox St, W1 (499 6870). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm. *Travels by the Sea*. Recent paintings by Paul Hogarth executed in ports on both sides of the Atlantic. Mar 5-Apr 10.

### MEDICI GALLERY

7 Grafton St, W1 (629 5675). Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm. *Mervyn Goode*, recent landscape paintings in oil. Mar 1-21.

### NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. *Masterpieces from the National Gallery of Ireland*. The National Gallery of Ireland has lent our own National Gallery a group of 40 outstanding paintings, which includes some artists who cannot be found in London—for instance, the 17th-century artist Frans Post with one of his exotic Brazilian landscapes, & Baron Gérard with a sumptuous portrait of Napoleon's sister-in-law Julie Bonaparte. Mar 27-May 27.

### NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. *The Sporting Thirties*. A decade of British sports photography 1930-40. Until May 19. *Gordon of Khartoum 1833-85: A Centenary Exhibition*. See introduction. Mar 29-June 9.

### NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2252). Mon-Sat 10am-11pm. *Foyer exhibitions: Caricatures from Punch: John Jensen & Bill Hewison*. Some of their best drawings. *Michael Little: Slide Show*. Oils, acrylics & watercolours on the theme of people & water. Both until Mar 30. *Paul Tanqueray*. Photographs



Detail from Gérard's *Queen Julie Napoleon with her two Daughters*: see National Gallery.

of stage & society in the London of the 1920s & 30s. Mar 11-Apr 20.

#### MICHAEL PARKIN FINE ART

11 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 8144). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. **Augustus Lunn (b 1905) & Diana Murphy (1906-1976)**. First show in London for many years of two painters who were students at the Royal College of Art under Sir William Rothenstein. Mar 20-Apr 12.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. **Chagall**. The artist's first major exhibition in Britain since 1948. Superb pictures of his Russian period as well as later work, much of which is tragic rather than sweetly romantic in tone. Until Mar 31. £2.50, OAPs, students, unemployed & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25. **Elisabeth Frink**. Private rather than commissioned sculptures which explore the theme of the dominant male. Until Mar 24. £1.50, £1, 50p. **Peter Greenham**. An exploration of the artist's approach to painting. Until Apr 8. £1.50, £1, 50p. Combined ticket Chagall & one other exhibition £3.60, £2.40, £1.80.

#### ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank, SE1 (928 8800). Daily 10am-10pm. **Toni Ungerer**. First major London exhibition—with more than 500 paintings, drawings & sculptures—for one of America's top graphic artists & satirists. Mar 5-Apr 9.

#### ROBIN SYMES GALLERY

94 Jermyn St, SW1 (930 5300). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. **Old Master Drawings**. A fine collection put together by Annamaria Edelstein. Artists include Saffleven, Oudry & Rosalba Carriera. Mar 25-May 10.

#### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. **The Political Paintings of Merlyn Evans (1910-73)**. See introduction. Mar 27-June 2. **St Ives 1939-64: 25 years of paintings, sculpture & pottery**. The first major survey of St Ives art includes all the big names, among them Alfred Wallis, Barbara Hepworth, Ben Nicholson, Peter Lanyon & Bernard Leach. Until Apr 14. £1.50, OAPs, students, disabled, unemployed, & children 75p. **John Walker: Prints 1976-1984**. Until Mar 24. **William James Müller (1812-1845)**. Until Mar 17.

#### JOHNNY VAN HAEFTEN

13 Duke St, SW1 (930 3062). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. **Simon Waters's Exhibition of 18th- & 19th-Century British Art**. Selection of paintings, whose subjects include architecture, portraits, racehorses & landscapes, at prices from £1,000 to £65,000. Mar 19-Apr 4.

#### WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Venues while gallery undergoes renovation: Christ Church, Spitalfields, Commercial St, E1 & Bishopsgate Institute, Bishopsgate, E1. Sun-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. **Open Exhibition**. 200 works—

paintings, sculptures, drawings & craftwork—submitted by local artists at prices ranging from £5 to £3,000. Mar 12-31.

#### Out of town

##### NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND

The Mound, Princes St, Edinburgh (031-556 8921). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **The Face of Nature**. A selection of landscape drawings & watercolours illustrating the ways in which artists of various nationalities have depicted landscape, & how people from different ages saw the countryside around them. Until Apr 28.

##### NORWICH SCHOOL OF ART

St George St, Norwich (0603 610561). Mon-Sat 9am-5pm. **Henry Tonks**. Tonks is remembered as the tyrant of the Slade, & the man who trained most of the best draughtsmen England has produced. This exhibition is a long overdue survey of his own achievement as a painter. Feb 25-Mar 23.

##### WHITWORTH ART GALLERY

University of Manchester, Whitworth Park, Manchester (061-273 4865). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Thurs until 9 pm. **James Tissot (1836-1902)**. 150 paintings, drawings & prints of fashionable English society in the 19th century. Until Mar 17.

## MUSEUMS

##### BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Chinese Ornament: The Lotus & the Dragon**. An apparently esoteric subject provides the excuse for a fascinating survey which ranges as far afield as Classical Greece & Ancient Egypt. Until May 5. **British Landscape Watercolours 1600-1860**. More than 240 watercolours by a wide range of artists trace the changes in approach to the subject from its origins in military cartography to the work of the Pre-Raphaelites. Until May 5.

##### British Library exhibition:

**The Golden Age of Anglo-Saxon Art: 966-1066** (jointly with BM). Splendid treasures from collections in Britain, Europe & the United States. Until Mar 10. £2, OAPs, students, unemployed & children £1. **Signs of The Times—the First 200 Years of the Newspaper**. The story of the ups & downs, personalities & achievements of this British institution as it moves into its third century. Mar 22-June 30.

##### GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3444). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Down to Earth**. The how, where & why of British soil, as the farmer, the gardener & the archaeologist see it. Until Apr 25.

##### MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm. **Inuit/Eskimo People of the North American Arctic**. Items of material culture of the Inuit show the sophistication of Eskimo clothing & equipment used for everyday survival at the time of European contact in the 19th century. Until June. **Hidden Peoples of the Amazon**. A full-size reconstruction of a *maloca* or communal house of the Tukano, a Colombian tribe, forms the centrepiece of this new long-term exhibition that looks at the traditional ways of life of the peoples of the Amazon. Opens Mar 22.

##### NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Discovering Mammals**. A scientific exhibition for the blind & partially sighted in which they can find out, through touch, how a mammal is different from a bird or reptile. Mar 1-31.

##### VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **William Staite Murray**. Staite Murray's pots of the 1920s & 30s are an important English contribution to the Art Deco movement, & very different from the work of Bernard Leach. Feb 27-Apr 28. **Jewelry by Frances Bendixson**. See p66. Mar 16-May 9.

#### Out of town

##### FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

Trumpington St, Cambridge (0223 69501). Tues-Sat 2-5pm, Sun 2.15-5pm. **British Artists in Italy: from the 18th to the 20th century**. Pictures from the museum's collections selected to show the fascination which Italy has held for the British over the last 200 years. Until Mar 31.

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Eskimo drilling bone with bow drill, Canada, 1916: see Museum of Mankind.



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## BRIEFING

## RESTAURANTS

ALEX FINER



The Spanish waiter Manuel in the television series *Fawlty Towers* was an apt caricature of a host of look-alikes working the tables in suburban restaurants and country-house hotels across the land. Waiters and waitresses are a popular source of comic invention. Consider, for instance, the stern, white-coated ladies who serve at **Wiltons**. They could walk straight into a *Monty Python* sketch. Their starched façade appeals to the upper-crust, predominantly male, clientele who retain fond memories of high tea in the nursery with nanny. One difference is that bread-and-butter pudding at **Wiltons** costs £2.50.

The restaurant, specializing in oysters, lobster and game, has been a year at its present location, its third address in the vicinity of St James's Palace since 1742. It seats 80 at booths and tables in a series of small interconnecting rooms with prints and pictures on the walls. A private dining room with *trompe l'œil* effects is also available. Albert, formerly of the *Mirabelle*, presides over a fine and pricey wine list.

The bill rises quickly if you start with fresh *pâté en croûte* at £15.50 and have the lobster mornay, thermidor or Newburg at £19.85. My half-dozen, smallish oysters at £7.75 and scallops *meunière* at £10.50 were appreciated but hardly cheap. Vegetables and salads are extra. Still, with the Duke of Westminster eating at the next table, I may have been out of my depth. I had soft roes on toast at £3 to conclude—and finished it all up for fear of being told off by the crisply-uniformed mother-substitute who served me.

The waiter at **Bunga Raya**, a Malaysian restaurant in Westbourne Grove, proved equally disconcerting because he conspicuously failed to make a note as I made my multi-dish order, just nodding at my poor pronunciation. He brought the Tiger beer and Perrier; only then did he go and write his recollection of the order, back at the cash desk, and pass it through to the kitchen. Seated at my glass-topped table with its cane and chrome chairs, I awaited developments and studied the textiles and kites on the walls.

The beef *satay* and spring roll were served as ordered. Then followed *ayam goreng* (spicy chicken), *rendang udang*

*besar* (dry prawn curry), unexpectedly-wet mixed fried vegetables and a delightful meal-in-itself of chef's special fried noodle. The lunchtime meal for two came to £19.85. I studied the bill. The waiter had proved fallible and had charged for *kerupuk* (prawn crackers) which he had failed to serve. On being reminded, he willingly removed £1.10 from the total.

At **Rowley's** the waitresses have remarkably little to remember. The menu at £8.75 comprises a choice of green mixed or Mexican salad followed by charcoal-grilled *entrecôte* in spiced butter sauce, with as many *pommes frites* as you can eat. The few desserts cost £1.50 extra. The waitresses' hardest task is to light each table's burner and place on it the serving dish with its slices of steak immersed in bubbling sauce.

The formula works well—provided you are forewarned and not vegetarian. The décor adds to Rowley's charm. There are hanging plants, mirrors, a painted ceiling and a huge wall clock encased in a carved wood beam. The front room is still tiled as it was when Thomas Wall (maker of the famous sausage) ran the establishment as the St James's Butcher Shop in the 1890s. The minimal service is included in the bill but force of habit made it seem churlish not to leave an extra tip.

□ **Wiltons**, 55 Jermyn St, SW1 (629 9955). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.15pm. cc All. □ **Bunga Raya**, 107 Westbourne Grove, W2 (229 6180). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm. cc All. □ **Rowley's**, 113 Jermyn St, SW1 (930 2707). Daily noon-2.30pm, 6-11.30pm. cc All.

## GOOD EATING GUIDE

### L'Artiste Assoliffé

122 Kensington Park Rd, W11 (727 4714). Mon-Sat 7-11pm, Sat 12.30-2.15pm.

The ground-floor dining room still has its old carnival carousel fittings, Buddy Holly & Beatles music, as well as deep-fried camembert, grilled sardines & the other hardy bistro annuals. cc All ££

### The Chelsea Room

Hyatt Carlton Tower, 2 Cadogan Pl, SW1 (235 5411). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.45pm, 7-11.15pm, Sun 12.30-2.45pm, 7-10.15pm.

Great care & attention are lavished on Bernard Gaume's exquisite, but expensive, menu in spacious surroundings. Fine wine list. cc All £££

### La Finezza

62/64 Lower Sloane St, SW1 (730 8639). Mon-Sat

12.30-2.45pm, 7-11.30pm.

Unmistakably Italian in atmosphere with plenty of offal & game on an ambitious menu. cc All ££

### Golden Duck

6 Hollywood Rd, SW10 (352 3500). Sat, Sun 1-3pm, daily 7-11pm.

Peking cuisine strong on dumplings & duck with pancakes. Also a south-west China menu of Szechuan & Hunan dishes. Hot towels between courses. cc AmEx, Bc, DC ££

### Odin's

27 Devonshire St, W1 (935 7296). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.15pm, Mon-Sat 7-11.15pm.

The best of Peter Langan's three restaurants. Dine in relaxed luxury surrounded by Hockneys, Procktors, English landscapes & portraits. For a memorable treat. cc None £££

### Read's

152 Old Brompton Rd, SW5 (373 2445). Daily 12.30-2.30pm, Mon-Sat 7.30-11pm.

Attentive service & agreeable décor. Caroline Swatland's highly inventive menu has won many admirers. cc All ££

### The Red Fort

77 Dean St, W1 (437 2525). Daily noon-3pm, 6-11pm.

Smart décor, seating for 150 & the same high standard of Indian cuisine as at Lal Qila & Last Days of the Raj. Hot buffet lunch on Saturdays & Sundays is good value at £6.95. cc All ££

### La Rochetta

40 Clerkenwell Green, EC1 (253 8676). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 7-10.30pm.

A friendly reception, home-made minestrone & a wide selection of scaloppine at this family-run Italian restaurant. cc None £

### Seven Down Street

7 Down St, W1 (493 3364). Sun-Fri 12.30-3pm.

Quality dishes from chef Peter Sibley in the canopied basement of this hedonistic Mayfair club hotel, open to non-members only at lunchtime. cc All ££

### Smith's

33 Shelton St, WC2 (379 0310). Mon-Sat noon-midnight, Sun 12.30-2.15pm, 7-10.15pm.

Straightforward English dishes (such as lentil soup, leg of lamb, & crumble & custard) served in a large, vaulted Covent Garden basement. There are good value set menus at £5.80 & £6.95. cc All ££

### The Restaurant

Dolphin Sq, Chichester St, SW1 (828 3207). Mon-Sat noon-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm.

Dine in Art Deco surroundings overlooking the Dolphin Square swimming pool. Inventive cuisine from the owner of Mon Plaisir. Also a cocktail bar & brasserie menu. cc All ££

### Thomas de Quincey

36 Tavistock St, WC2 (240 3773). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6-11.15pm, Sat 7-11.30pm.

Serge Favez provides complicated cuisine which delights the palate. Sorbets between courses & a fine wine list. cc All £££

A changing selection of *ILN* recommended restaurants appears each month. Estimated prices are based on the average cost of a meal for two, including a bottle of house wine. The symbol £ indicates up to £20; ££ £20-£40; £££ above £40.

Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diner's Club; A = Access (Master Charge); Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as cc All.

## BRIEFING HOTELS HILARY RUBINSTEIN



IN PICTURE LIBRARY

If you live and work in a city one of the pleasures of a weekend break is to get a bit farther away from it all. Many country-house hotels or guesthouses are close to busy roads, but all the establishments described below, although they vary greatly in character, amenities and price, have truly rural locations, with nothing—no airfield, railway line or traffic—to disturb the peace.

**Knockie Lodge** lies 2 miles off the B862, a deserted road which runs across the lower slopes of the Cairngorms on the east side of Loch Ness, and is about 8 miles from Fort Augustus. A former hunting lodge, set in 10 acres of grounds overlooking water and wooded hills, Knockie was built in the 18th century for the chief of Clan Fraser; it has been a hotel for 20 years, but was extensively refurbished and reopened in 1984 by Ian and Brenda Milward who run it like a comfortable and welcoming private house. It is now centrally heated, and all 10 bedrooms have their own bathrooms. The five-course dinners at £12 (with no choice until the dessert) are good value. The hotel offers trout-fishing in four private lochs and has a boat for salmon-fishing on Loch Ness; in autumn there is deer stalking on the estate.

In a remote and beautiful location on the edge of Lancashire and Yorkshire, **Parrock Head Farm** at Slaidburn, near Clitheroe, is a small country-house hotel attached to a working farm, with dales on one side, majestic moorland on the other. The 17th-century building has been carefully converted by former barrister Richard Holt and his wife Pat. It is warm and comfortable even in the depths of winter, with good central heating throughout and a log fire in the spacious upstairs sitting room. There is a library with plenty of books and magazines and lots of local information, a small but efficient bar (where lunches are available) and a roomy dining room where Mrs Holt, who is in charge of the kitchens, serves excellent, filling breakfasts and *à la carte* dinners using local produce. All the bedrooms have bath and colour television.

Only a few miles away and also in Lancashire is **Harrop Fold Farm Guest House**, which is attached to another working farm. It is run by the Wood family in Bolton-by-Bowland, a secluded and remote hamlet in the heart of the Pennines. The seven bedrooms all have bath or shower and colour television. Meals are *à la carte*, and light suppers are available for the faint of appetite. Three ground-floor rooms (a double and two singles) are suitable for the partially disabled. There is a large loft lounge and a bar/lounge. Harrop Fold owns two private rods for game fishing on the rivers Ribble and Hodder.

In Wales the **Lake Vyrnwy Hotel**,

Llanwddyn, is a turn-of-the-century, Tudor-style, purpose-built hotel, set in 27 acres, which overlooks the lake on which it has trout-fishing rights. It has a Shropshire postal address but is in fact in Powys, some 40 miles west of Shrewsbury. The owners, Colonel Sir John Baynes and Mrs Moir, run it as a comfortable, old-fashioned (in the best sense) sporting hotel. Food is of the traditional country-house type. The hotel offers fishing (with a resident ghillie), also shooting, bird-watching, walking and musical events. It has a hard tennis court, a games hut with table-tennis, bicycles for hire, and a nursery where early suppers are available for children.

**Manor Farm Barn** is a bed-and-breakfast establishment in the unspoilt Cotswold hamlet of Taynton, Oxfordshire, where there is a lovely old church but no shop, pub or post office. It is 1½ miles from the picturesque town of Burford and has 8 acres of garden and paddock. In winter there are log fires in the sitting room; the four centrally-heated bedrooms, all with beamed ceilings and rural views, have baths, colour televisions and many extra touches such as hair dryers and bath caps. Mrs Florey runs it in a generously welcoming way. No evening meal is served, but breakfasts, round a mahogany table, are ample and good.

Lastly, the 15th-century **Frog Street Farm**, Beercrocombe, near Taunton, lies at the end of a no-through road in the heart of the Somerset countryside, about 21 miles from both the north and south coasts. A guesthouse on a 130 acre working farm, it has a serenely beautiful setting: trees and fields on one side and an orchard on the other. Its secluded garden has a heated swimming pool, and a trout-stream runs through the meadows. Two of the five bedrooms have baths. Abundant English breakfasts and dinners are served; the farm is not licensed, so bring your own wine.

□ **Knockie Lodge Hotel**, Whitebridge, Highland, Scotland (04563 276). Bed and breakfast £20-£44; dinner £12.

□ **Parrock Head Farm**, Slaidburn, nr Clitheroe, Lancs (020 06 614). Bed and breakfast from £16 a night (£12 or £13 in family rooms); *à la carte* dinner from about £7.

□ **Harrop Fold Farm Guest House**, Harrop Fold, Bolton-by-Bowland, Clitheroe, Lancs (020 07 600). Bed and breakfast from £17; *à la carte* dinner £12.

□ **Lake Vyrnwy Hotel**, Llanwddyn, via Oswestry, Salop (069 173 244). Bed and breakfast £24-£27.50 (without bath or shower, £14-£21); dinner, bed and breakfast, two days minimum, £30-£33.50 (without bath or shower, £20-£28).

□ **Manor Farm Barn**, Taynton, Burford, Oxon (099 382 2069). Bed and breakfast £12.50-£18.

□ **Frog Street Farm**, Beercrocombe, Taunton, Somerset (0823 480430). Bed and breakfast £9; dinner £5.

The above tariffs, unless stated, are per person and include VAT, except for Manor Farm Barn which is not VAT rated. Service is included in the tariffs given for Lake Vyrnwy; at the other hotels it is optional.

**Hilary Rubinstein** is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*, published annually by the Consumers' Association/Hodder, price £8.95. The *Guide* would be glad to hear from readers who have recent first-hand experience of any unusually good hotels. Reports to Good Hotel Guide, Freepost, London W11 4BR.



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a look at the runaway prices of Impressionist paintings; and at the problem of propagating penguins in captivity. Plus ILN's unique Briefing on the month ahead.

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